

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1929.

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A PARACHUTIST BRUSHING AGAINST THE TOP OF ANOTHER PARACHUTE DURING A DESCENT: THE GREAT THRILL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT HENDON.

The great thrill of the many thrills of the tenth Royal Air Force Display, at Hendon Aerodrome on July 13, took the form of an incident during a combined parachute descent by six airmen who had dropped from three aeroplanes. The

men became bunched together as they fell, and one swung against the top of another's parachute and brushed against it. Immediately, he doubled up his legs and released a second parachute, which opened out, but was not needed.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE a deep and hearty hatred of literary parallels; especially when they have a suggestion of literary plagiarisms. I object to the parallels on many grounds; but, among others, on the ground that they are never parallel. Or, if we may (with all respectful allowance for Mr. Einstein) put the matter as a mathematical paradox, we might say that the two lines of thought are indeed parallel because they never manage to meet. In almost all the cases I come across, the resemblance between one passage and another, suggested by the ingenious critic, is really not a resemblance at all, let alone an artificial or unusual or suspicious resemblance. There is no reason why two independent poets should not think of the same image or idea quite independently. Only when the critic produces it, it is not the same idea at all. The critic insists that one poet is "indebted" to the other; and nobody need deny that, in a loose and general sense, it is natural for any poet to be in debt. But his general obligation to the culture of the past is not like his particular obligation to the landlady, or possibly to the publican. It is as likely as not that his idea was original even if it is really identical; and it is even more likely, when it is examined, that it will not be identical but quite individual. Everybody mentions Villon to prove the platitude that a poet can be a thief; but I protest when they prove his literary thieving by quoting "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" and then giving a list of all the poets who had previously mentioned snow.

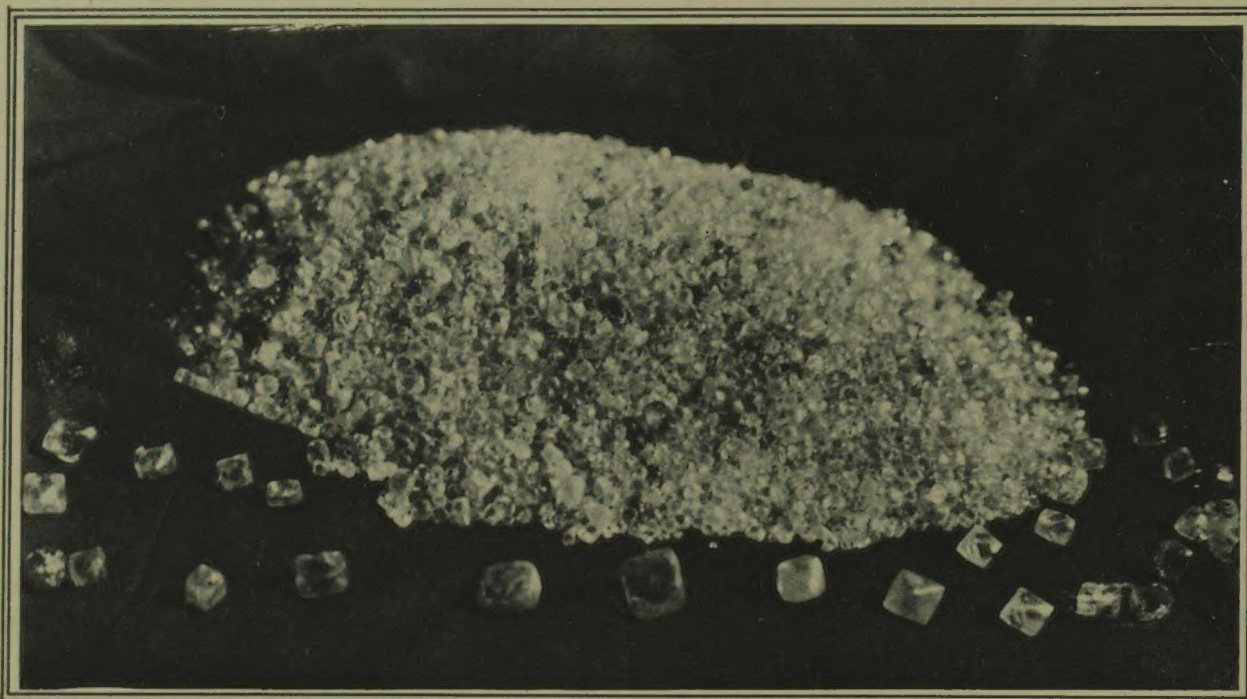
To prove that even a good poet, as well as a good critic, can admit (or at least tolerate) this error, I will venture to remonstrate respectfully with Mr. Edmund Blunden, who can write good poetry as well as read it, upon his reading of the case of Keats and Horace in the last issue of the *London Mercury*. Mr.

Blunden does not, indeed, fully endorse the alleged parallel; but he does not definitely dispute it; so that I, as a very much minor poet, am goaded into doing it for him. For, indeed, the example strikes me as very illuminating, touching the hasty and misleading character of these assimilations. The suggestion is that in at least two phrases of the "Ode to a Nightingale" Keats echoes the Odes of Horace; which would be no very great crime; but is in fact, as it seems to me, a crime that was never committed. There is something about the mood of the critics who find comparisons, something eager and hasty and superficially satisfied, which prevents them, when considering two sayings of two poets, from really considering what the poets say. In this case the critic observes: "Hungry generations" appears to be a powerful and majestic translation of his (Horace's) *tempus edax*, "devouring time." Now it does not seem to me to be anything of the kind. Even if Keats had happened to use the expression "devouring time," I should not have thought it necessary to suppose that he had ever even heard of the phrase *tempus edax*. It seems to me that anybody, at any time, a poet as good as Mr. Blunden or a poet as minor as myself, might use the phrase

"devouring time." We might talk about devouring time as we might talk about barking dogs; because dogs do bark and time does devour. But, over and above this preliminary objection to parallels, there is a very particular objection to this parallel; that it is not, as I have said, a parallel at all. Keats did not mean that the hungry generations were hungry as time is hungry; that they ate towers and temples and ground crowns and sceptres in their teeth till they were crushed to dust. He meant the hunger as a human attribute; the hunger which, whether mystical or material, is in a sense the chief attribute of humanity. The point was that so many generations had rushed and trampled past, all eager for their own passing needs, and left the nightingale still singing as it had sung in the beginning. I do not see any real parallel between this and the idea of the dead destructiveness of time. And I would bet my boots, or my books, or whatever may be the more appropriate wager, that Keats never thought of any such parallel at all; and certainly had no need to look up an old Latin poet for the idea.

that some wonderful thing was like a dream, without being convicted of having sneaked it out of an old school book, of the works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus? It seems to me that, before we look for a poet's reasons in somebody else's poem, we might naturally ask whether there are already any reasons in his own poem. Surely anybody must feel that the "Ode to a Nightingale," by its own life and logic, was bound to end with that suggestion of a man waking from a trance, bemused and bewildered. I do not doubt that Horace had experienced much the same sensations after straying through the haunted groves of Italy as Keats had experienced in the woods about Burford. Poets do very often have these queer fits; and there is, of course, some similarity between them; which is why they can be described by the same name of poetry. But beyond the broad brotherhood of the poets, I cannot see any particular coincidence in these two cases. Nor, indeed, do I think the two emotions described here are exactly identical; though they are certainly less wide apart than the impersonal crumbling of time and the crowd

of hungry human beings. But to draw a fine distinction between the two would undoubtedly be a delicate verbal exercise; and I do not propose to attempt it here. I am dealing here entirely in terms of common sense; and it seems to me common sense to leave original poets alone with their original ideas, and not strain logic and language to cracking in order to prove that they are not original. When I say I do not like poetical parallels, I do not mean that I dislike poetical comparisons. Some critical profit might be gained by comparing Keats and Horace, and noting the differences between their two ways of dealing with superficially similar ideas. But to see the similarities, without seeing the differences, seems to me a dangerous game.



24,300 CARATS OF DIAMONDS—OF A VALUE OF OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION STERLING: A REMARKABLE "PARCEL" OF THE PRECIOUS STONES, FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The correspondent who sent us this photograph writes of it: "It represents a 'parcel' of diamonds of a total caratage of 24,300; worth a little over a quarter of a million sterling. The gems come from South Africa. The photograph may be called unique, for it is improbable that any such number of the stones will ever be available again for the purposes of private photography. The 'parcel,' which was the production of sixteen days, was photographed before it was sent away from the diamond fields for safe-keeping elsewhere. The big stone in the centre foreground weighs 87½ carats, and is valued, at a moderate estimate, at £20 a carat.

Curiously enough, the case is very much the same with the second example given in the same article. I have forgotten most of the little Latin poetry I knew; but I shall not easily forget that beautiful strain of music in the *Descende Caelo*, which is rendered here—

Hearst thou? Or does a lovely hallucination
Beguile me? I think I hear thee and
Go straying through the haunted groves.

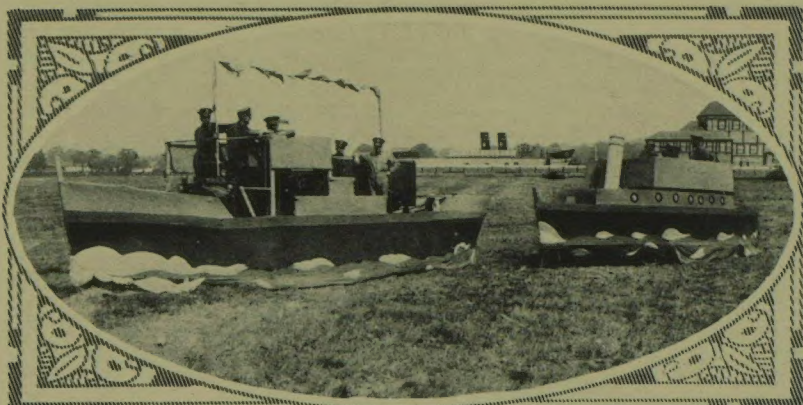
But it seems to me quite arbitrary and fanciful to say that Keats was thinking of this because he wrote the two lines—

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

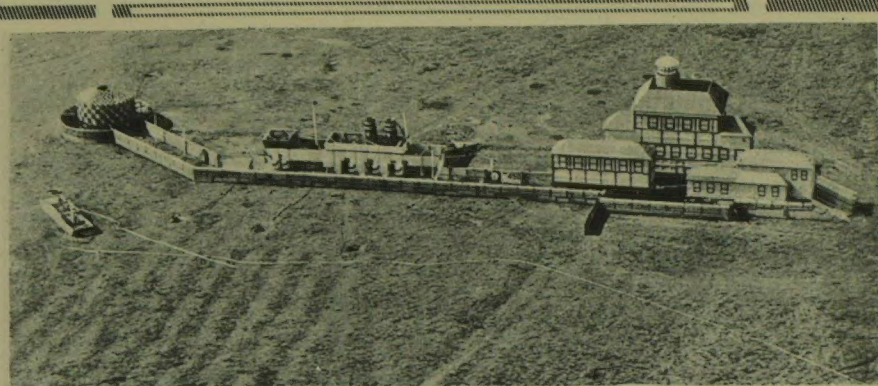
What is the good of being a poet if you are not allowed to ask, all by yourself, whether you have had a vision or a waking dream? What are poets for, except to go about asking everybody whether they wake or sleep? I should imagine that this sort of dreamy doubt could be paralleled in scores and hundreds of poems; it is the obvious poetical comment on any deep or mystifying experience: What is the poor poet to do, if he is not even permitted to say

It is especially dangerous, because behind that covert of coincidence there crouches that monster, the Baconian. By the Baconian I do not merely mean a man who thinks Bacon wrote Shakespeare, as some quite intelligent men have thought. I mean the sort of man who goes mad on Bacon and uses the mad arguments that many Baconians have used. I mean the man who searches Bacon's Essays for some mention of the sun in connection with the moon; and then searches Shakespeare's Plays, triumphantly producing an allusion to the moon in actual conjunction with the sun. I mean the man who will not let Shakespeare call roses red or lilies white, without pouncing on the fact that somebody else had made the same botanical discovery. I mean the man who is proud of the quantity of his parallel quotations, and apparently indifferent to their quality. In short, I object not only to the loss of proportion but of that general sense of probability which is so considerable a part of sanity. We have to consider not only what is improbable, but what is probable; and especially the coincidences that are overwhelmingly probable. And when I see these things neglected by a good writer in a good review, I venture to raise a mild protest.

THE GREATEST AIR DISPLAY IN THE WORLD: THE R.A.F. "SHOW."



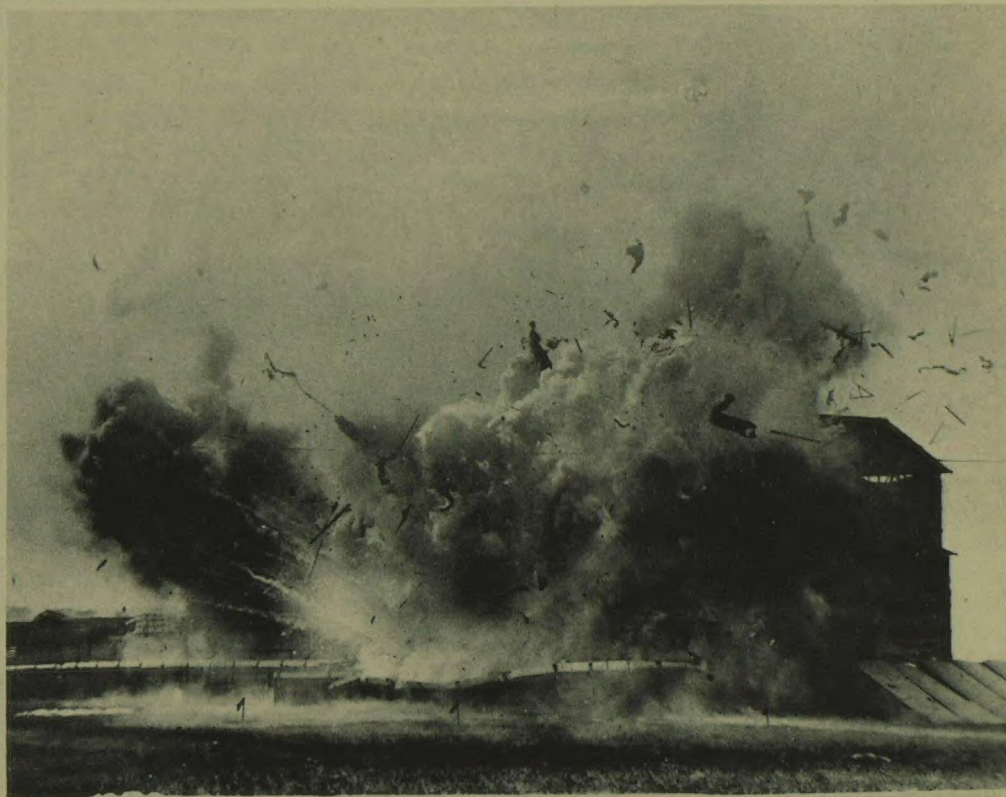
READY FOR THE AIR BATTLE AND SET-PIECE THAT FORMED THE FINALE OF THE DISPLAY: MOTOR-CARS DISGUISED AS SHIPS OF "A FOREIGN DEFENDED PORT OVERSEAS."



THE "FOREIGN DEFENDED PORT OVERSEAS": AN AIR VIEW OF THE BASE THAT WAS ATTACKED BY BRITISH BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS OWING TO A DEFINITE ACT OF AGGRESSION.



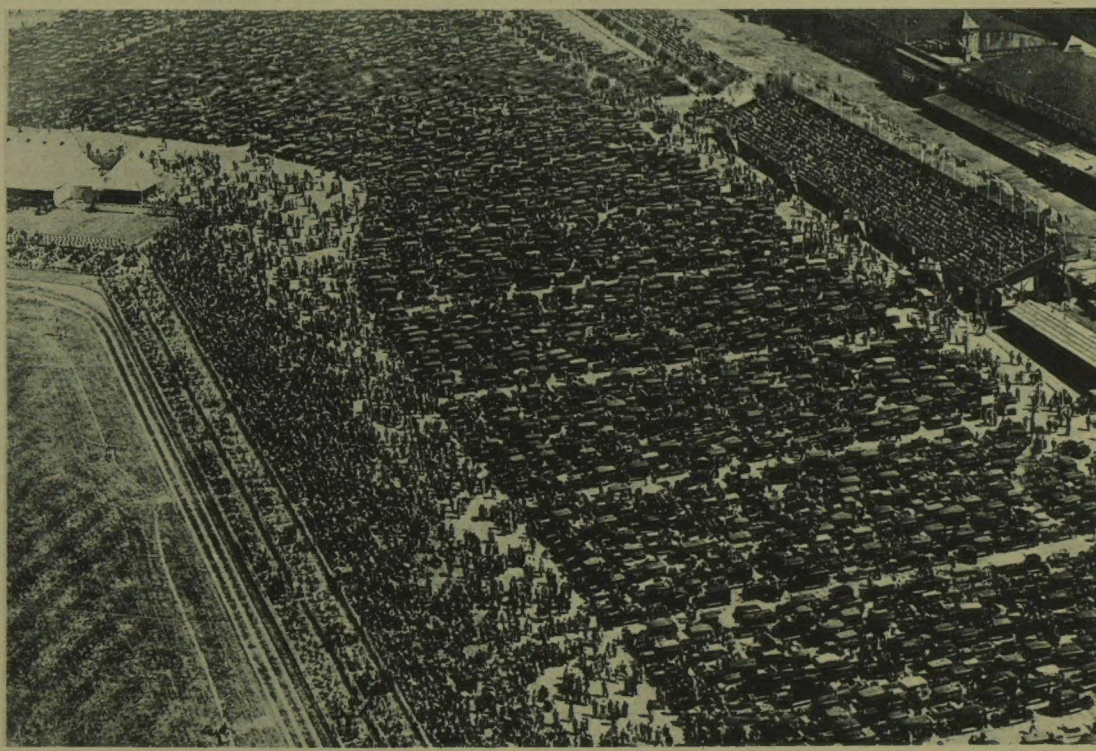
THE RESULT OF NOT WAITING FOR A DECISION BY THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS! THE FOREIGN DEFENDED PORT ATTACKED BY BRITISH AEROPLANES—MOTOR-CAR "SHIPS" ON THE LEFT.



THE "BIG BANG": THE BLOWING-UP OF THE FOREIGN DEFENDED PORT OVERSEAS—HARBOUR, QUAY, FORT, TROOP-TRANSPORT, AND LAND BUILDINGS SENT SKY-HIGH!



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE DISPLAY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WEARING ANTI-SUNGLARE GLASSES.

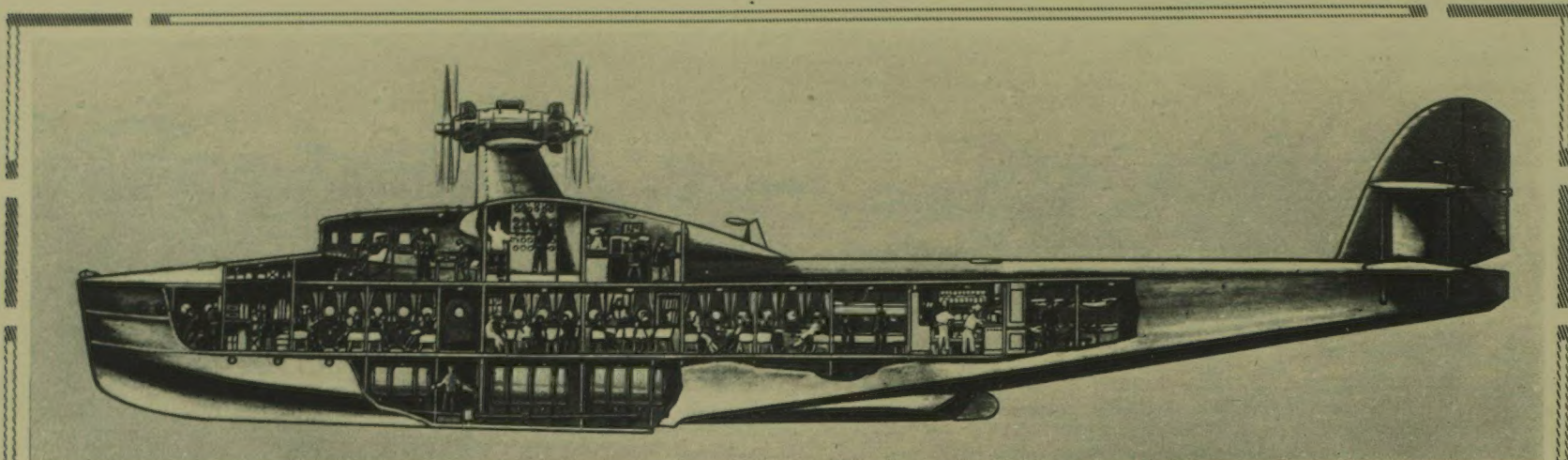


GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE THOUSANDS OF CARS OF SPECTATORS ATTENDING THE DISPLAY: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF A PART OF THE FLYING-GROUND AND PARKING SPACE AT HENDON.

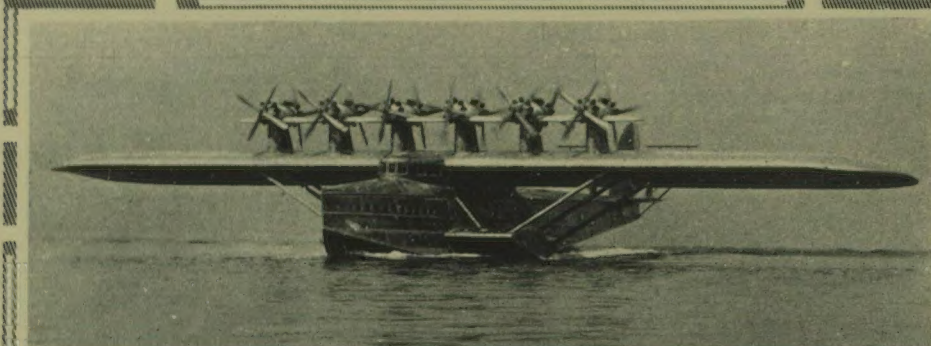
As usual, the Royal Air Force Air Display had, as a part of its programme, an air battle and a set-piece. On Saturday the set-piece represented "a foreign defended port overseas"—part of a harbour, with a quay terminating in a fort at the seaward extremity; with a number of buildings at the landward end; alongside the quay and within the harbour, a troop-transport; and, off the end of the quay and at the entrance of the harbour, small craft, including an ammunition-lighter moored to a buoy. It is interesting to note the reason for

the attack by British heavy bombers and fighters. "The British Government is in diplomatic correspondence with a Foreign Power in relation to the disputed boundary of a British overseas possession, and has referred the question to the League of Nations. Without waiting for the report of the League of Nations, the Foreign Power commits a definite act of aggression against this country, and intelligence reaches the British Government that, following up this act, the Foreign Power is despatching an expedition from the Port against British Territory."

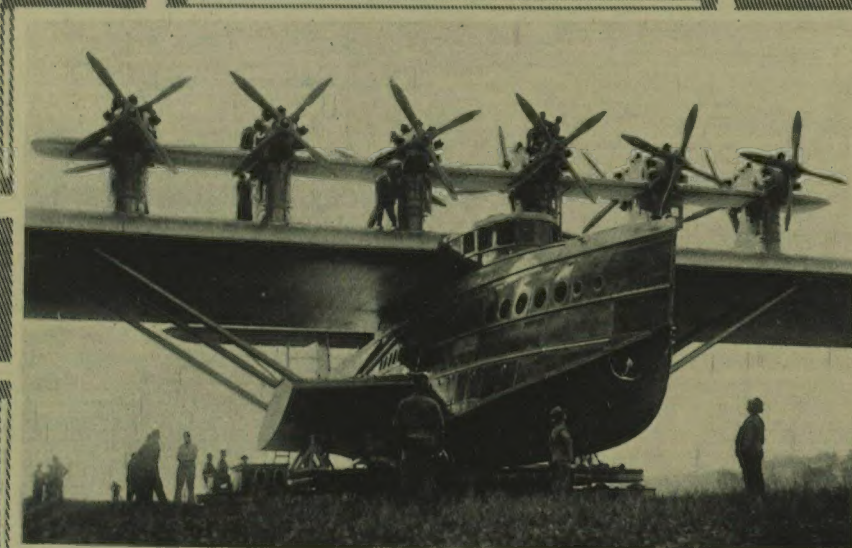
AN AEROPLANE WITH THREE DECKS: THE 34-TON "DO.X'S" FIRST FLIGHT.



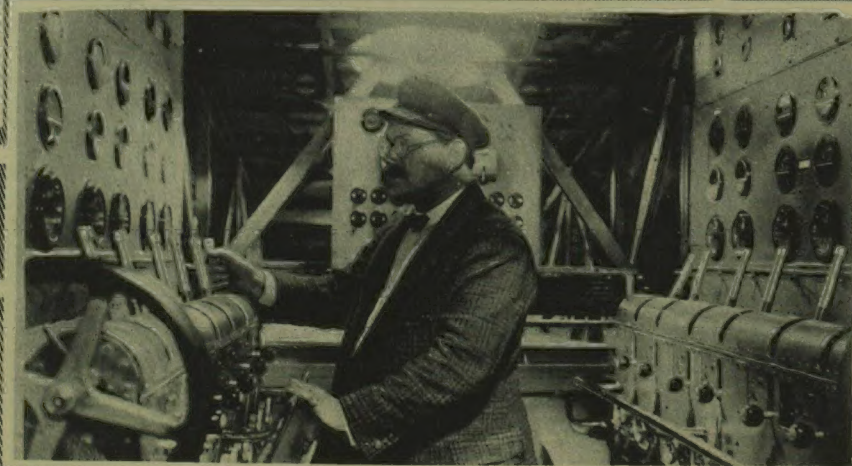
ALL STEEL; THREE-DECKED; AND ABLE TO ACCOMMODATE ONE HUNDRED PASSENGERS AND THE CREW: THE "DO.X," WHICH MADE ITS TRIAL FLIGHTS OVER LAKE CONSTANCE ON JULY 12—A SECTION.



SHOWING THE SIX ENGINE-TURRETS, EACH OF WHICH HOLDS TWO ENGINES, AND IS MANNED BY A MECHANIC: THE "DO.X" ON LAKE CONSTANCE AFTER HER LAUNCH.



HER SIZE INDICATED BY MEN ABOARD HER AND BY HER SIDE: THE HUGE GERMAN ONE-HUNDRED-PASSENGER FLYING-BOAT "DO.X" READY FOR LAUNCHING.

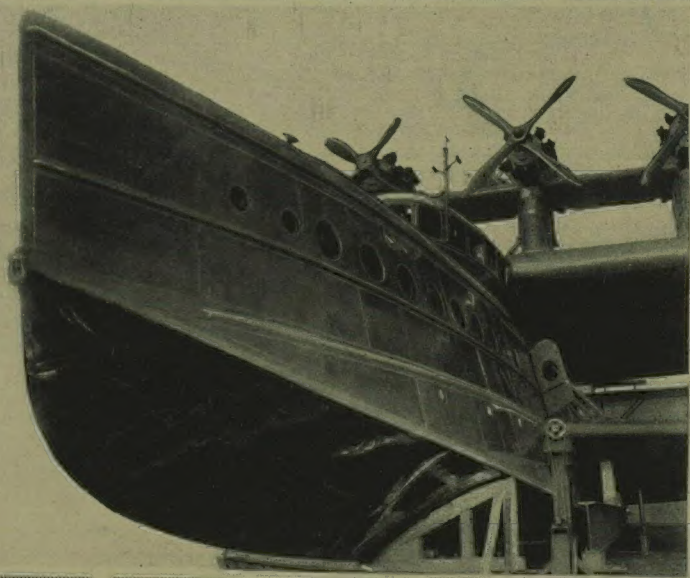


ABOARD THE AIRCRAFT, WHOSE OFFICERS AND CREW OBEY CAPTAIN'S ORDERS AS THOUGH THEY WERE ABOARD AN OCEAN LINER: IN A CONTROL CABIN OF THE "DO.X."

The huge new German twelve-engined flying-boat "Do. X," which was under construction for over two years at the Dornier Works at Altenrhein bei Rorschach, on the Swiss side of Lake Constance, was launched, and rose from Lake Constance three times, on Friday, July 12. As we noted in our issue of last week, she has twelve 525-h.p. engines mounted above her wing. The interior of the "boat" is divided into three decks: the middle is used



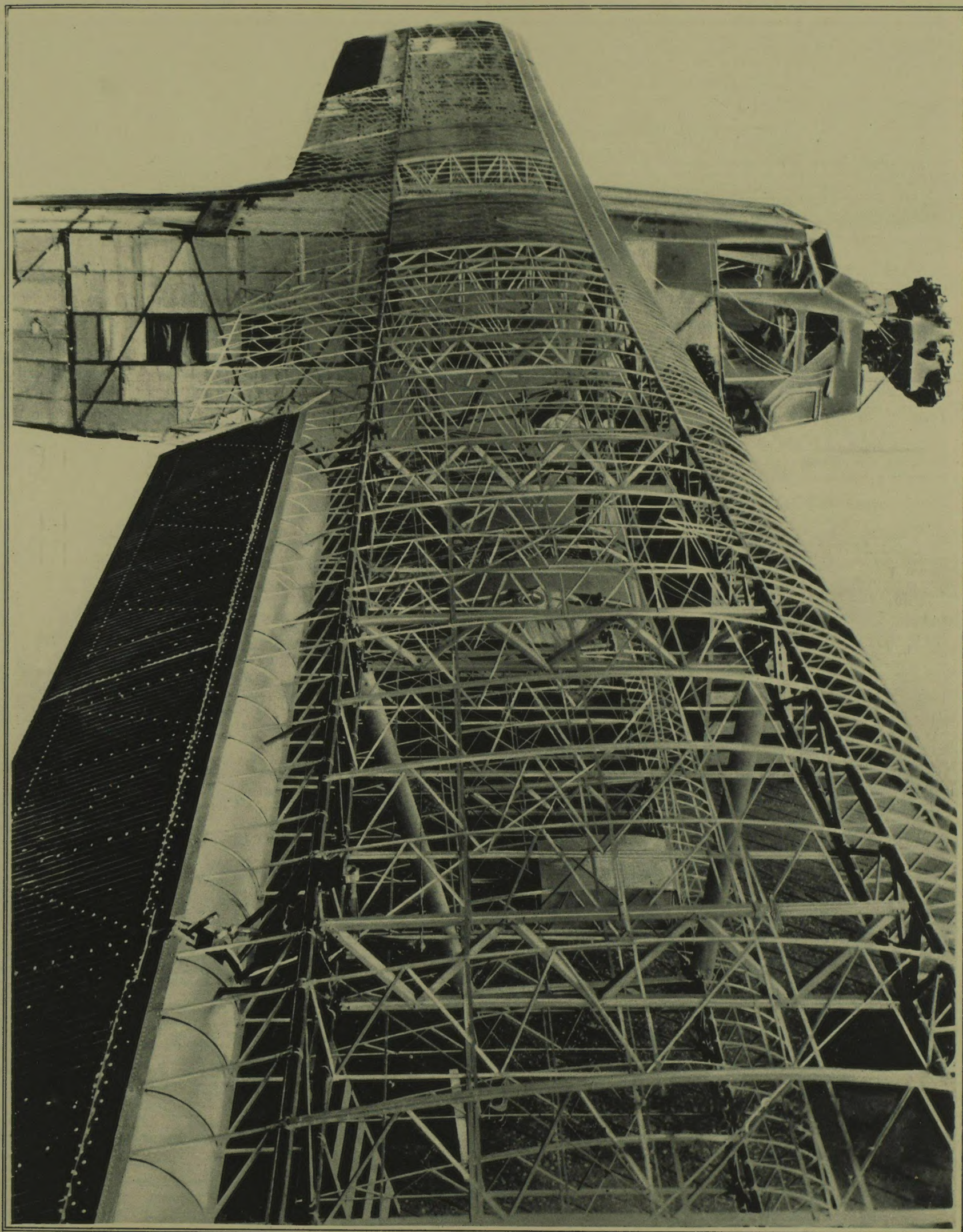
ABOARD THE "DO.X," WHOSE PILOTS OBEY THE ORDERS OF A CAPTAIN, JUST AS DO ENGINEERS ABOARD A LINER: AT ONE OF THE CONTROL STATIONS IN THE TITANIC FLYING-BOAT.



SUGGESTING THE STEM OF A SEA-GOING LINER RATHER THAN THAT OF A LINER OF THE AIR: THE BOW OF THE "DO.X" AS SHE RESTED ON THE WAYS BEFORE SHE WAS LAUNCHED ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

for the passenger-cabins and saloons; the upper deck has the navigation room, the engine-control station, the pilot's cabin, and quarters for the crew; and the lower deck consists of fuel-storage compartments. She is all steel. Two pilots will be carried; and they will obey the captain's orders; while an engineer and four mechanics will look after the motors. Sleeping accommodation for one hundred passengers can be arranged. When launched, "Do. X" had a special testing-crew of twenty, under Captain Wagner. She weighs 34 tons, but, for all that, rose after a take-off of only 500 yards. She is 150 ft. from tip to tail, with wings 10 ft. thick and 150 ft. from tip to tip.

"BROTHER" TO AN AERO SHOW EXHIBIT: AN 80-FT.-SPAN WING.



WITH THE SAME SPAN AS THE WING OF THE FAIREY ENGLAND-TO-INDIA MONOPLANE WHICH IS BEING SHOWN AT OLYMPIA: THE WING OF A GREAT AMERICAN AEROPLANE—ITS SKELETON.

This photograph is of peculiar interest at the present moment from the fact that, although the wing it shows in skeleton form is that of an American aeroplane—in actuality, a machine designed for a new air service between Chicago and San Francisco—that wing has the same span as the wing of the Fairey monoplane which flew non-stop from England to India, and is now to be seen at the Aero Show at Olympia: indeed, it may fairly be called its brother! The wing of the Fairey, like this wing, has an 80-ft. span, and it

is 16 ft. across. It was transported by lorry and trailer the other day, from Northolt Aerodrome to Olympia; following a route chosen as being as free of "bends" as possible, and, after it had reached the end of the Great West Road it was decided not to move it further until after midnight, in order that traffic might not be over-much disturbed, for there was no room for wing and tramcars to be on the road at the same time. The fuselage, which could be towed on its own wheels, was transferred on the following day.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMID the welter of new books, pouring from the press by the hundred every week, the publisher's note on the jacket fulfils a useful function—useful alike to the prospective reader and to the mass-reviewer. Such notes require a technique of their own, and are not very easy to write well. Personally, I never rely on them entirely—always seeking my facts from the fountain-head—but I look to them sometimes to put me briefly *au courant* with an author's personality and position, so that I know at once where I am and with whom I am dealing. Such information is particularly desirable in a book of reminiscences when the writer is not very explicit about himself, letting out essential details incidentally at intervals.

I found a slight obstacle of this sort in my approach to "THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE." By Axel Munthe

with insufficient funds, and persuaded by the Swedish Minister to go to Rome and there resume medical practice in order to make enough money to complete the work. In Rome he occupies the house where Keats died, repeats the fashionable success he had in Paris, and becomes doctor to the British Embassy. We hear of the late Empress of Austria wanting to buy San Michele, and of visits there by the Empress Eugénie and the ex-Kaiser. Then comes an account of Dr. Munthe's adventures among the horrors of the great earthquake at Messina and Reggio. By this time San Michele was nearly finished, and the owner, back in Capri, describes his struggle against the cruel trapping of migrating birds on the island, by means of blind decoys, and his ultimate success in making Monte Barbarossa a bird sanctuary. Such passages and those relating to dogs (including a duel fought to avenge one) illuminate the printed note stating that "the author's profits on the sale of this book will be handed over to the Naples Society for the

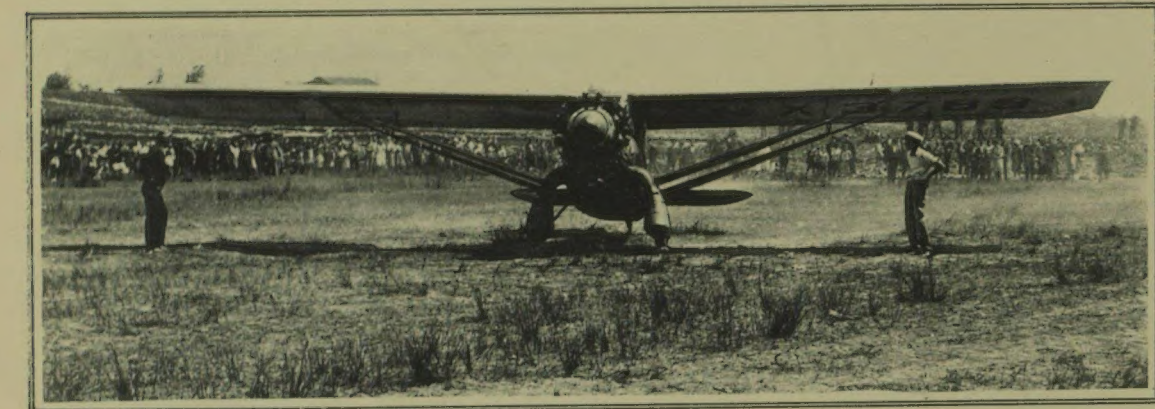
science, and so on, in "MAN AND CIVILISATION." An Inquiry into the Bases of Contemporary Life. By John Storck, Instructor in Philosophy, Columbia University (Constable; 15s.). In this book the author has tried to present a "non-technical . . . interpretation of human activity in fundamental agreement with the results of recent study in psychology, anthropology, and sociology." It might be interesting to hear Mr. O'Hagan's views on one of the author's conclusions—that "the whole apparatus of business and finance could be amputated from our society, and the lives of most people would not be visibly affected, provided only they were guaranteed jobs and wages." A sentence like this, of course, should be taken with the context. The book, as a whole, is a thoughtful and stimulating study of modern life with its complex motives and multifarious activities.

Discussing the origin of social customs, such as those connected with marriage and parenthood, Mr. Storck says: "Many things have come down to us from the past, and many others have been lost in time's ceaseless shiftings." One very curious example, known in antiquity and still surviving among primitive races, forms the subject of an interesting anthropological study—"THE CUSTOM OF COUVADE." By Warren R. Dawson, F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine. With Frontispiece from an eighteenth-century Chinese manuscript album (Manchester University Press; 7s. 6d.). The French word *couvade* ("brooding" or "hatching") was first applied by Sir Edward Tylor, the famous anthropologist, to the custom according to which "the father of a child, at the time of its birth, takes to his bed and behaves generally as though he, and not his wife, were the mother." Mr. Dawson recalls a classical instance of this remarkable custom from Plutarch, in his version of the legend of Theseus and Ariadne, and another from Irish mythology. He has also collected many modern instances, and quotes various interpretations of its significance, ending with a bibliography of 185 works mentioning the subject.

Turning now to my waiting list, I see two books of medical interest. In "TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN." By Alfred Torrance, M.D., we read of a doctor's adventures in combating disease (cholera, leprosy, yellow fever, and sleeping sickness) in tropical lands of Africa and Malaya. Ailments more familiar nearer home are discussed in "THE HEALTH OF THE MIND." By J. R. Rees, M.A., M.D., (Faber and Faber; 6s.), a book of guidance for the layman and for parents.

On the economic side, a cure for maladies of the body politic is offered in "THE MYSTERY OF THE TRADE DEPRESSION." By Frederic E. Holsinger, late Managing Editor of the *Indian Daily Mail*, Bombay (P. S. King and Son; 7s. 6d.). A sub-title describes this work as "an analysis of the collapse of production and employment under the capitalist system . . . with the outline of a plan for the reorganisation of human society upon the basis of individual liberty, personal property, and private enterprise."

Another work of a controversial character is a little book entitled "CREDIT CONTROL." The Path of Industrial Revival. By Frederick Thoresby, Barrister-at-Law. (John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson; 2s. 6d.). The author attacks the banking policy of 1920, and suggests (*inter alia*) that the nation's credit power should be in the control of a nationally representative body instead of in that of the Court of Governors of the Bank of England.



THE SUCCESS OF THE "PATHFINDER": THE MONOPLANE AFTER LANDING AT ALBERICIA, NEAR SANTANDER, IN SPAIN.

The "Pathfinder," with Messrs. Lewis A. Yancy and Roger Q. Williams aboard, caused some anxiety owing to lack of reports of her progress. She landed at Albericia on July 9, after a flight of 31½ hours from Old Orchard, Maine, her petrol having run out. Re-started, she reached Rome on the 10th. For the 3400 miles, 315 gallons of petrol were used. The "Pathfinder" is not a seaplane.

(John Murray; 16s.). Topographically, indeed, I knew immediately where I was, for the "jacket" note says: "San Michele is the island home of the author, built by himself on the site of a villa of Tiberius and well known to visitors to Capri as the most beautiful place on the island." Had I ever visited Capri, I should doubtless have known all about the author, but alas! *non cuius hominum contingit adire Corinthum*. Dr. Munthe is a Swedish doctor who qualified and practised in Paris, and afterwards in Rome. These facts emerge in due course from the narrative.

Before I go further, let me say here that I have found Dr. Munthe's reminiscences intensely interesting and enjoyable, and it is hard to convey adequately their charm of mingled pathos and humour, or their multiplicity of appeal. Dr. Munthe himself makes it difficult to summarise him. His name on the title-page appears without "frills," and there is not a date in the book relating to his own career, so that one has to guess the chronological sequence from references to people and events. His English sympathies and associations are manifest from the dedication—"To Rennell Rodd, the lover of Italy, the friend in good and ill"—as also from allusions to Lord Dufferin, and from the opening sentence of the author's preface: "I had rushed over to London from France to see about my naturalisation; it looked as if my country was going to be dragged into the war by the side of Germany. Henry James was to be one of my sponsors; he had just been naturalised himself. 'Civis Britannicus sum,' he said in his deep voice." A year or two afterwards "The flag of the British Red Cross was flying over San Michele."

It was through Henry James that Dr. Munthe, in the evening of his days, essayed to tell the story of San Michele. He goes on to indicate, in his vivid way, how he was confronted at the outset by memories of his own youth—"an unexpected visitor sat down opposite to me at the writing-table and began to talk about himself and his own affairs in the most erratic manner." The reader owes much to that youthful interrupter, for, however fascinating may be the beauty of Capri and its traditions of "Timberio" (as the islanders call him), the doctor's own story is of deeper human value. In the historical chapters, he vindicates the greatness of Tiberius and demolishes the malicious gossip of Tacitus and Suetonius about the Emperor's mythical "Capri orgies."

Glancing through my notes on the book, I will try to show something of its range by picking out a few salient points. First, we see a young medical student of eighteen arriving in Capri, captivated by its loveliness, climbing a mountain, and consorting with the village folk. Then we see him as a fashionable doctor in Paris (but ever dreaming of retirement to Capri), and we get caustic pen-pictures of his patients and his medical colleagues, thoughts on the ethics of the profession, and a discussion of hypnotic therapy. A great lover of animals, Dr. Munthe recalls his work with Pasteur on hydrophobia and a thrilling incident with some Russian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves. Other notable experiences were a cholera plague at Naples and a meeting with Guy de Maupassant.

Presently we find the doctor at Capri again, having "chucked his career," engaged in building San Michele

Protection of Animals." The omission of illustrations is regrettable in a book so essentially picturesque.

If it was difficult to summarise Dr. Munthe's reminiscences, it would be hopeless to attempt any outline of an autobiography that runs to over a thousand pages—namely, "LEAVES FROM MY LIFE." By H. Osborne O'Hagan. In Two Volumes. With Portrait Frontispiece (Lane; 36s.). Here we have a book that must be of absorbing interest to City men in particular—the self-story of a famous financier, mainly a record of his dealings and enterprises, interspersed with personalities and anecdote, and, towards the end, with notable happenings of the war years. Mr. O'Hagan recalls that he was first urged to write his recollections by the late Mr. John Lane, some fifteen years ago, but at that time he "was not to be drawn." Since his retirement, all his books and papers have been destroyed; he had not a single diary or memorandum, or even a prospectus of any of the companies he formed: "so everything in these volumes is entirely from a memory extending over fifty years." That in itself is no small achievement, and the result is a "conducted tour" through half a century of high finance such as very few are qualified to write even with a mass of records to consult.

Mr. O'Hagan has new things to tell about such men as Baron Grant, Jabez Balfour, Horatio Bottomley, Henry Labouchere, E. T. Hooley, Whitaker Wright, and Gerard Bevan; while the wide geographical range of his interests is indicated by chapters devoted to Constantinople, Berlin, American Breweries, Siberian and South African mining, Trinidad lake asphalt, Albania, and Etruscan copper mines. Other subjects he touches have a more popular appeal, such as A Run on a London Bank, the Lemoine Diamond Fraud, Card-Sharpers, and Yachting. Nor is there lacking a medical interest, for he writes at some length of such matters, and his remarks on sleeplessness recall Dr. Munthe's discovery of authorship as a cure for insomnia. Mr. O'Hagan mentions also that he has given many years' work to promoting a treatment for consumption, to which he hopes to devote a separate volume.

Finance takes its proportionate place, among various other influences, including economics, education, religion,

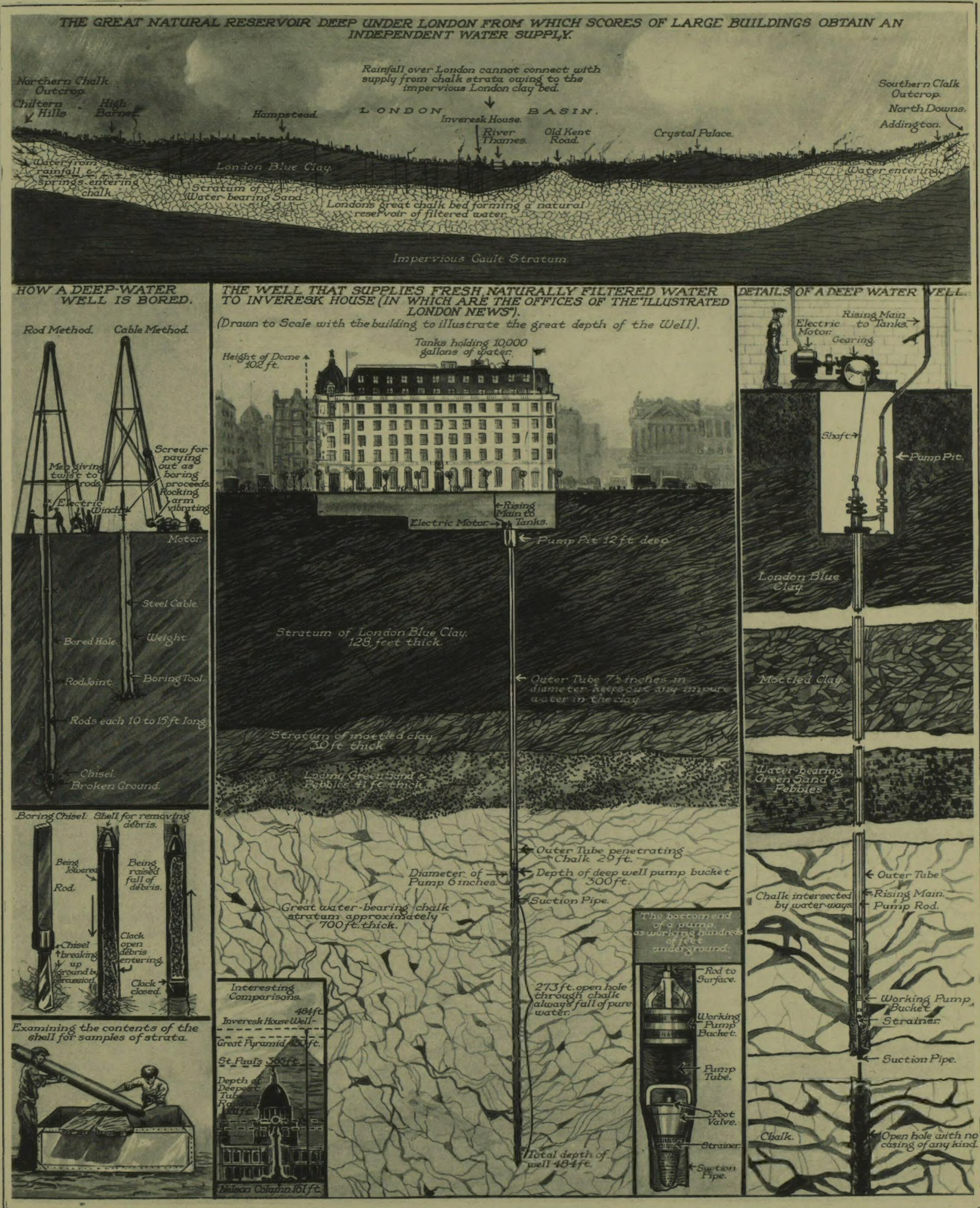


THE DISASTROUS POLISH ATTEMPT TO FLY THE ATLANTIC FROM FRANCE: THE "MARSHAL PILSUDSKI," WHICH CRASHED ON THE ISLAND OF GRACIOSA, AZORES. The "Marshal Pilsudski" and the French aeroplane "Question Mark" started from Le Bourget Aerodrome almost simultaneously on July 13, to attempt the cross-Atlantic flight. The "Question Mark" had to make for Villacoublay Aerodrome after reaching a point near the Azores; and at about the same time the "Marshal Pilsudski" was reported to have made a forced landing on the island of Graciosa. The most regrettable news then came from Warsaw that Major Idzikowski, who was accompanied by Major Kubala, had been killed.

Finally, comes a little book that sets forth political views of a traditional type—namely, "THE SPIRIT OF CONSERVATISM." By Arthur Bryant. With a Foreword by Lord Melchett, P.C., and a Preface by Colonel John Buchan, M.P. (Methuen; 2s. 6d.). Here are concisely explained the historic ideals of Conservatism and the meaning of Tory Democracy. C. E. B.

VERY VALUABLE IN DROUGHTS: LONDON'S "SECRET" RESERVOIR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. ALFRED WILLIAMS AND CO., LTD., AND C. ISLER AND CO., LTD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE WATER QUESTION: ARTESIAN WELLS THAT GIVE IMMUNITY FROM DROUGHTS—HOW INVERESK HOUSE AND OTHER LARGE BUILDINGS GET THEIR OWN SUPPLY.

It is claimed for the artesian well that its owners are practically immune from the effects of drought—a thing to remember in view of the recent decision to issue an official warning to consumers to exercise economy in the use of water during the spell of exceptional dryness. Hundreds of feet under the London streets there is a natural "secret" reservoir consisting of a wide stratum of chalk, which is intersected by thousands of fissures which form water channels. Water entering at the northern outcrop in the Chiltern Hills, or in the south from the North Downs, works its way through the chalk, becoming filtered as it proceeds, and forms a great source of supply that may be tapped by driving artesian wells. These wells vary in size from a few inches up to two feet in diameter, and in depth from 350 to over 700 feet.

One of the great buildings that has its own independent water supply is Inveresk House, the magnificent home of "The Illustrated London News" and the other illustrated weeklies constituting "the Great Eight." Deep below this building there extends downwards a pipe that passes through London's stratum of blue clay and taps the water from the chalk 484 feet down. This is deeper than the height of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and over two and a-half times as deep as London's deepest Tube railway tunnel at Hampstead. Through the clay and sand belts the well is encased in an iron pipe to keep out contaminated surface water, but, after entering the chalk, the hole extends downwards for hundreds of feet without any casing, but, owing to the nature of the chalk, always remains open and full of pure water.

New Treasures from Tutankhamen's Comb.

SECOND SERIES—The Boy-King's "Lighter," "Play-Box," Nursery Chair; and Other "Finds."

IN our issue of July 6 we illustrated some of the new treasures from Tutankhamen's tomb, discoveries made by Mr. Howard Carter in the Annexe, which he was recently engaged in clearing, and we also gave an article embodying that distinguished Egyptologist's account of his "finds" as described in conversation with one of our representatives. Continuing the discussion in regard to the further series illustrated in the present number, Mr. Carter said:

"A chest of far more solid make than any formerly described throws not a little light upon the pursuits and amusements of a child of the Egyptian New Empire. The chest is fitted with complicated partitions and with box-shaped drawers that are made to slide one above the other, and are covered with sliding lids. These fittings had suffered from rough treatment. They had been wrenched open by impatient hands, evidently in search of whatever valuable material they may have contained. Apparently, it was a chest for knick-knacks and playthings of Tutankhamen's youth, but everything in it had been turned topsy-turvy; moreover, we found many of its trinkets strewn on the floor. A few things, however, remained in the drawers, such as bracelets of ivory, wood, and leather, pocket game-boards of ivory, plaited-string slings for hurling stones, gloves, a lighter, some leather archer's 'bracers' to protect the left arm or wrist from the blow of the bow-string, some samples of minerals, and even pigments and paint-pots for the youthful painter.

"The exterior of this chest, made of a coniferous wood, is decorated with designations of the King, as well as dedications to various gods. Its lid opens on heavy bronze hinges. The pin of its knob is so notched on the inside that, when the lid was closed and the knob turned, it locked the lid to the box. This contrivance, I believe, is the earliest automatic fastening (i.e., kind of lock) hitherto known. The chest itself stands on four square feet capped with bronze, and fixed on the centre of its back panel is a large wooden *ded-amulet* meaning 'stability.'

"The sense of manliness imparted by the possession of implements in connection with fire, hunting, or fighting, such as a 'lighter' for making fire and a sling for hurling stones, was evidently as pleasing to the youth of those days as to the boy of our era!

"These ancient Egyptians (Mr. Carter continued) knew nothing of the combustible materials like phosphorus and sulphur, which easily take fire when rubbed on any natural or prepared rough surface; nor did they know of agents such as flint and iron with tinder. Their 'lighter'—or, rather, method of creating fire—was of a very primitive nature throughout the whole of their history, from the 1st to the XXXth Dynasty. They created fire by rapidly rotating a piece of stick in a round hole in a stationary piece of wood appropriate for the purpose. For this they applied the principle of the bow-drill, with which they were so familiar. The rotation was effected by

means of a bow alternately thrust forwards and backwards, the thong of the bow having been first wound round the stock of the drill in which the fire-stick was fixed. And, in order to steady the drill, the upper end was held in a socket either of stone, ivory, or ebony, or sometimes the kernel of a *Dôm-nut*, which, when cut in halves, formed a ready-made drill-head. The round holes in which the fire-stick

"Slings of hide for hurling stones, either for hunting purposes or as a weapon of offence, were probably the earliest device known to mankind by which an increase of force and range was given to the arm of the thrower of such missiles. Although we first know of the sling in warfare about the seventh century B.C., it must have been in continual use in Egypt from barbaric times down to the present day, when it is still used by peasant boys employed in scaring birds from ripening cereal crops. Here, in this toy-box of the fourteenth century B.C., the sling has already advanced, in so far that it is no longer of hide, but of plaited linen thread, neatly made with a pouch and a loop at the end of one of its cords to hold it firmly on the thumb, while the second cord is left quite plain for loosing easily when despatching the missile.

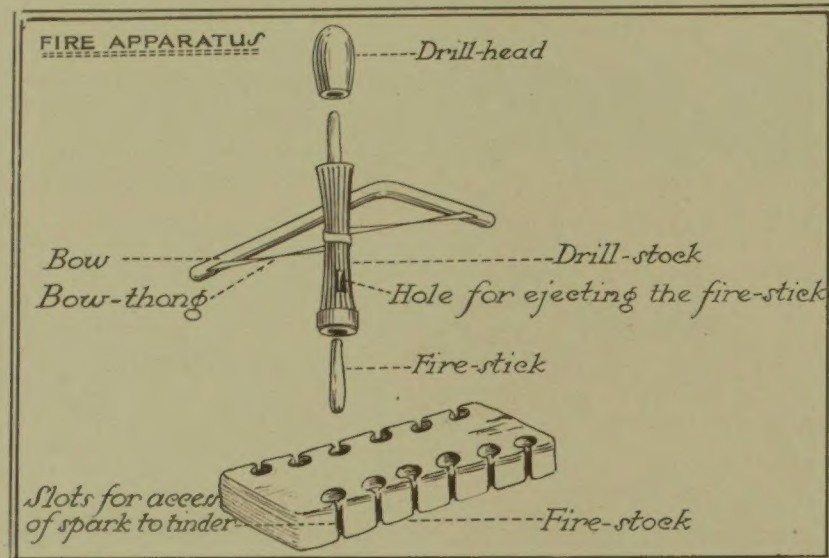
"Among the royal youth's anklets and bracelets there is one of particular historical interest. It is cut out of a solid piece of ivory; and carved round the upper bevel are various animals of the chase, exquisitely done. The fauna depicted include the ostrich, hare, ibex, gazelle and other antelope, and a hound chasing a stallion—showing that even then the domestic horse was allowed to run wild in the *pairidaeza*, much as ponies are given their liberty in our ancient royal hunting demesne, the New Forest.

"An interesting piece which also excites our attention (said Mr. Carter) is a silver vase, about six inches in height, in the form of a pomegranate fruit. The vase was probably dropped or forgotten by the tomb-plunderers. The silver is slightly auriferous; hence the metal is preserved in almost pristine condition. Its bowl is chased with a band of cornflowers and olive leaves; the shoulder and neck with chaplets of lily and poppy petals. In aspect, this vase is modern enough to recall to us the work of the silversmiths of the reign of Queen Anne, and, did we not know its provenance, would any of us dare to date it as belonging to the fourteenth century B.C.?

"The little game-boards (Mr. Carter here observed) I propose to mention anon, with others of more pretentious dimensions that were found in this chamber.

"We found among the heterogeneous pile of palace chattels that were hoarded in this Annexe (he proceeded) a curious-looking white wood elongated case, about 25½ by 2½ by 1½ inches in dimensions, shaped like an attenuated shrine, which apparently once held a heavy metal standard cubit-measure. Naturally, the cubit was taken by the thieves on account of its value in metal, thus robbing us of valuable data as to the true linear measurement employed at that period, which, as far as we are able to estimate, must have been a unit something like 52.310 ms., having 7 palms of .07472 ms., and 28 digits of .01868 ms.

"Stretching from side to side of the room were three large bedsteads in the form of the modern Sudanese *Angarib*. They have wooden frames with



TUTANKHAMEN'S "LIGHTER": A DIAGRAM TO SHOW HOW THE FIRE-MAKING DEVICE WAS USED. (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

This fire-maker from what may be called the "play-box" of Tutankhamen is illustrated opposite, and the manner of its working is there described, as it is on this page.

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was rotated were made near the edges of the fire-stock, so that a vertical slot was created on the side of the fire-stock which allowed the spark created to have free access to the tinder. In our specimen the holes prepared for the fire-stick have been treated with resin, to promote friction, and thus facilitate the creation of heat."

Turning to other subjects, Mr. Carter went on:

The silver is slightly auriferous; hence the metal is preserved in almost pristine condition. Its bowl is chased with a band of cornflowers and olive leaves; the shoulder and neck with chaplets of lily and poppy petals. In aspect, this vase is modern enough to recall to us the work of the silversmiths of the reign of Queen Anne, and, did we not know its provenance, would any of us dare to date it as



THE "PLAY-BOX" OF TUTANKHAMEN, WHICH HAS WHAT IS PROBABLY THE EARLIEST AUTOMATIC FASTENING KNOWN: A CHEST FITTED WITH COMPLICATED PARTITIONS AND BOX-SHAPED DRAWERS, AND APPARENTLY USED FOR KNICK-KNACKS AND TOYS OF THE KING'S YOUTH.

What may be described as Tutankhamen's "play-box," a chest illustrated also on page 116, was apparently used to hold knick-knacks and toys of the young King, but everything in it, it was found, had been turned topsy-turvy, and certain of its trinkets had been strewn about the floor. Some objects, however, were left in the drawers, as is remarked in the note here given, which cites bracelets of ivory, wood, and leather; pocket game-boards of ivory; plaited-string slings for hurling stones; gloves; the "lighter" illustrated here by means of a diagram and also opposite; some leather archer's "bracers"; samples of minerals and pigments; and paint-pots. The lid of the chest opens on heavy bronze hinges, and the pin of its knob is so notched on the inside that, when the lid was closed and the knob turned, it locked the lid to the box. This contrivance Mr. Carter believes to be the earliest automatic fastening known.

Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

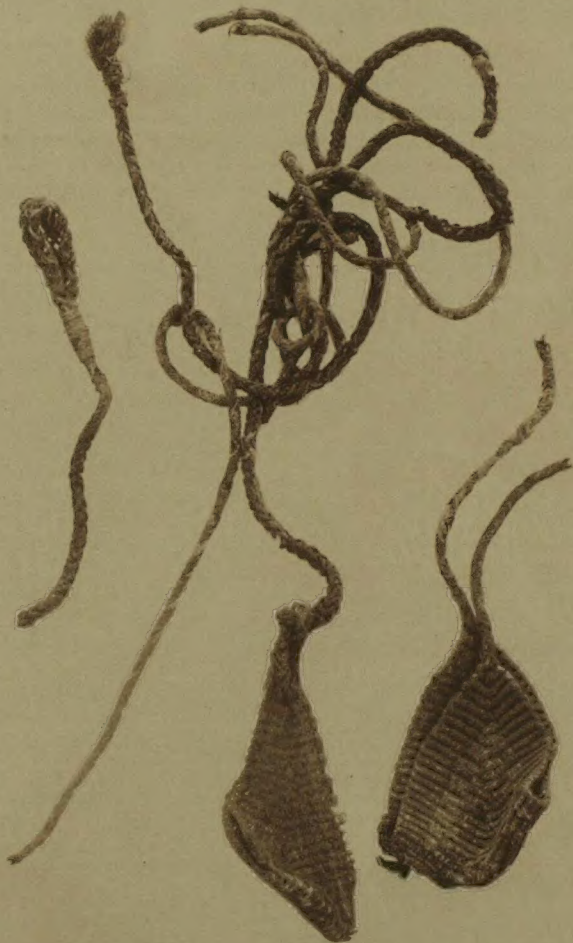
(Continued on page 115.)

TUTANKHAMEN'S "LIGHTER": THE KING'S FIRE-MAKER—"PLAY-BOX" FINDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



TUTANKHAMEN'S "LIGHTER": THE YOUNG KING'S FIRE-MAKER; SHOWING THE STOCK OF THE BOW-DRILL AND THE FIRE-STOCK WITH SLOTS WHICH WERE TREATED WITH RESIN TO PROMOTE FRICTION AND THUS ENSURE THE SPEEDY IGNITION OF THE TINDER.



THE "ADVANCED" SLINGS: WEAPONS OF PLAITED-LINEN THREAD WITH A POUCH AND A LOOP AT THE END OF ONE OF THE CORDS TO HOLD IT ON THE THUMB, AND A PLAIN SECOND CORD.

To quote Mr. Carter's description, as given to our representative: The "lighter" of the ancient Egyptians was of a very primitive nature. The example found in a drawer of the "play-box" of King Tutankhamen, which is illustrated above and in diagram on the opposite page is, it need hardly be pointed out, of most unusual interest. Speaking of it, Mr. Carter said: "They created fire by rapidly rotating a piece of stick in a round hole in a stationary piece of wood appropriate for the purpose. For this they applied the principle of the bow-drill. . . . The rotation was effected by means of a bow alternately thrust forwards and backwards, the thong of the bow having been first wound round the stock of the drill in which the fire-stick was fixed. And, in order to steady the drill, the upper end was held in a socket. . . . The round holes in which the fire-stick was rotated were made near the edges of the fire-stock, so that a vertical slot was created on the side of the fire-stock which allowed the spark created to have fresh access to the tinder." Discussing the slings, he said: "Here, in this toy-box of the fourteenth century B.C., the sling



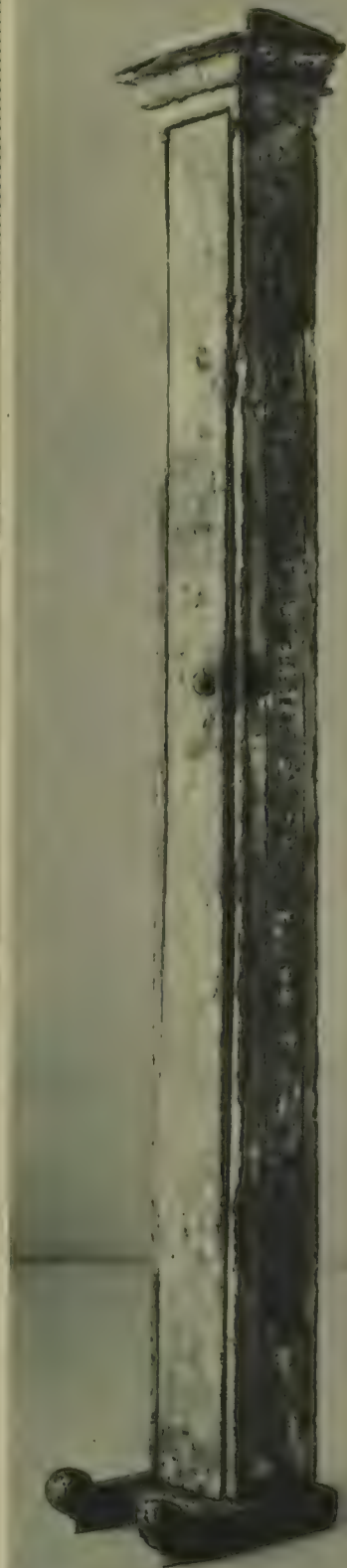
A REMARKABLE BRACELET, OR ANKLET, CUT FROM A SOLID PIECE OF IVORY: AN ORNAMENT WITH CARVED FAUNA, INCLUDING A HOUND CHASING A STALLION, AN OSTRICH, A HARE, AND ANTELOPES (ABOUT ACTUAL SIZE)—AND AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE "HOUND AND STALLION" SECTION.



has already advanced, in so far that it is no longer of hide, but of plaited-linen thread, neatly made with a pouch and a loop at the end of one of its cords to hold it firmly on the thumb, while the second cord is left quite plain for loosing easily when despatching the missile." At the same time, he drew particular attention to the bracelet, or anklet, here illustrated. Carved on the ivory are various animals of the chase, including the ostrich, hare, ibex, gazelle, and a hound chasing a stallion! This last is advanced as evidence that even in Tutankhamen's time the domestic horse was allowed to run wild.

A "QUEEN ANNE" TUTANKHAMEN VASE; A CUBIT-MEASURE CASE; AND THE KING'S "PLAYBOX."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)
SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 114.

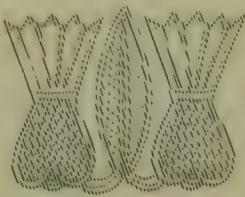


USED, APPARENTLY, TO HOLD A METAL STANDARD CUBIT-MEASURE: A WHITE WOOD CASE LIKE AN ATTENUATED SHRINE.



A SILVER VASE IN THE FORM OF A POMEGRANATE FRUIT: A PIECE OF WORK MODERN ENOUGH TO SUGGEST THAT OF THE SILVERSMITHS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

Discussing the various discoveries in the Annexe, Mr. Carter said: "We found among the heterogeneous pile of palace chattels . . . a curious-looking white wood elongated case, about 25½ by 2½ by 1½ inches in dimensions, shaped like an attenuated shrine, which apparently once held a heavy metal standard cubit-measure. Naturally, the cubit was taken by the thieves on account of its value in metal, thus robbing us of valuable data as to the true linear measurement employed at that period, which, as far as we are able to estimate, must have been a unit something like 52.310 ms., having 7 palms of .07472 ms., and 28 digits of '01868 ms." With regard to the King's "play-box," the interior of which is illustrated on page 114, it should be repeated here that it is fitted with complicated partitions and box-shaped drawers that slide one above the other, and are also covered with sliding lids. "The exterior of this chest, made of a coniferous wood, is decorated with designations of the King, as well as dedications to various gods. Its lid opens on heavy bronze hinges. The pin of its knob is so notched on the inside that, when the lid was closed and the knob turned, it locked the lid to the box."



KING TUTANKHAMEN'S "PLAY-BOX": THE CHEST WITH THE LID WRENCHED PARTLY OPEN—SHOWING THE "LOCKING" KNOB, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE THE EARLIEST AUTOMATIC FASTENING.



KING TUTANKHAMEN'S "PLAY-BOX": THE CHEST WITH THE LID RAISED—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE BRONZE HINGES; THE "LOCKING" KNOB; DESIGNATIONS OF THE KING AND DEDICATIONS TO VARIOUS GODS.

KING TUTANKHAMEN'S "THINE ENEMIES THY FOOTSTOOL" HASOCK; AND A UNIQUE "BOUND LIONS" STOOL.

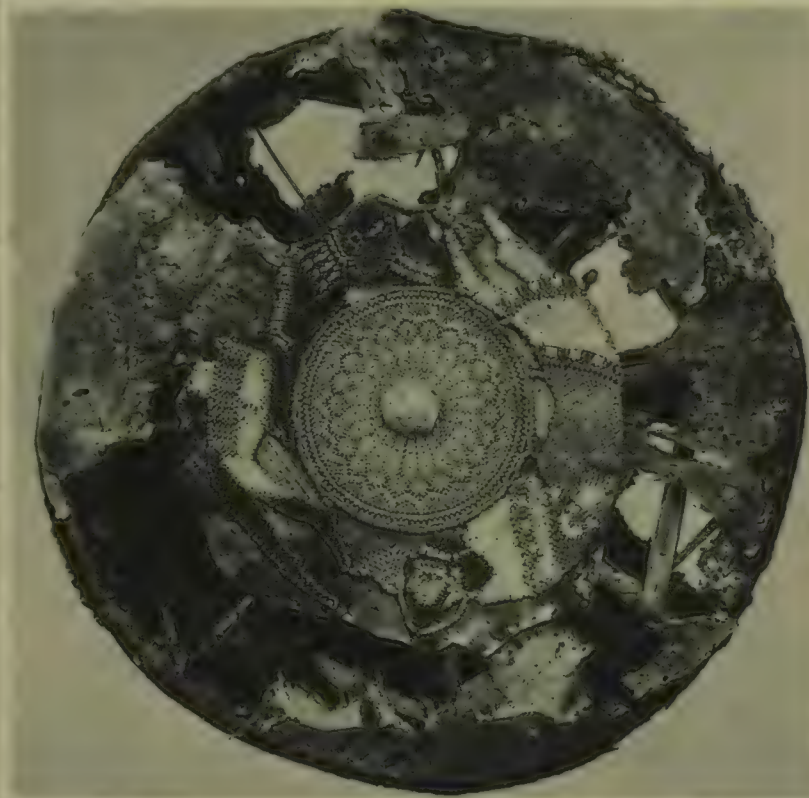
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.
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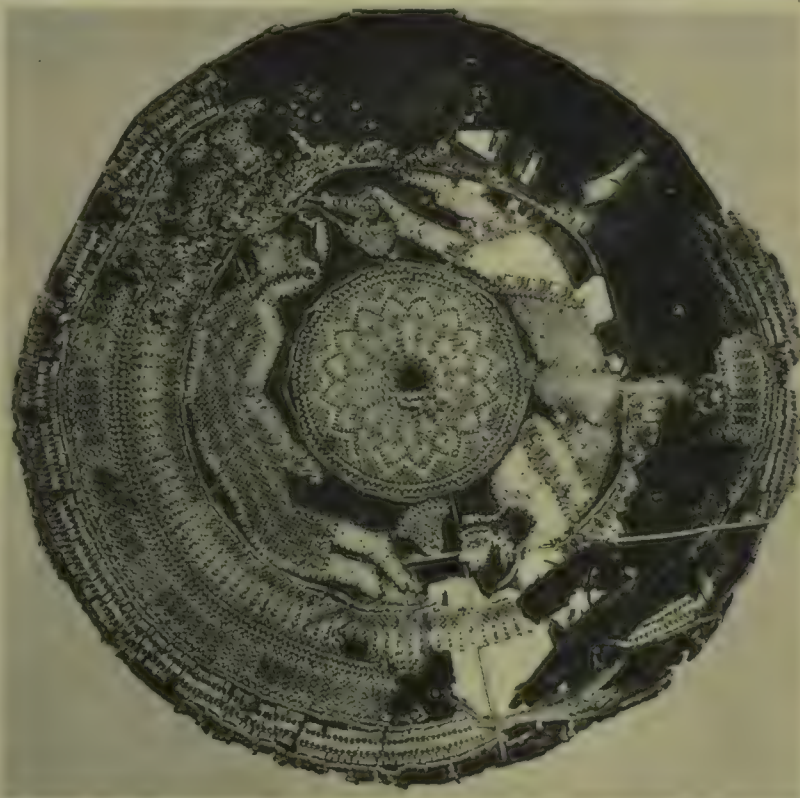
ALMOST CERTAINLY UNIQUE: A THREE-LEGGED STOOL WITH LEGS OF CANINE FORM AND A SEAT SHOWING TWO LIONS BOUND HEAD TO TAIL—UPTURNED TO SHOW THE LIONS.



THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL: A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW THE LEGS OF CANINE FORM WHICH PROBABLY MAKE IT UNIQUE, AS BOVINE OR FELINE LEGS WERE CUSTOMARY IN ANCIENT EGYPT.



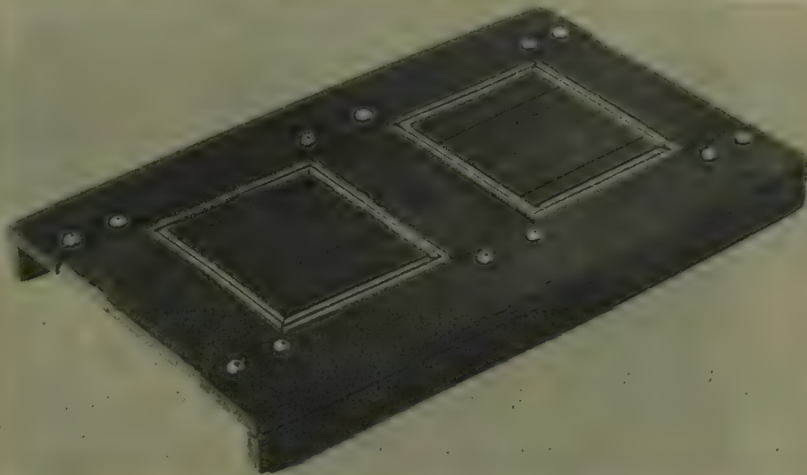
THE KING'S "THINE ENEMIES THY FOOTSTOOL" HASOCK: THE TOP OF THE BEADED HASOCK; SHOWING ALIEN CAPTIVES BOUND AND PRONE.



THE KING'S "THINE ENEMIES THY FOOTSTOOL" HASOCK: THE BOTTOM OF THE BEADED HASOCK; SHOWING ALIEN CAPTIVES BOUND AND PRONE.

Discussing these particular discoveries with our representative, Mr. Howard Carter described the three-legged stool as probably unique, in that it has legs of canine form, and not the customary bovine or feline legs. The seat, as our photographs show, depicts two lions bound head to tail and enclosed with a spiral-patterned rim. The space between the stretchers that brace the framework of the legs is filled in with the traditional throne ornament, incorporating the Two Kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt under the monarchy. The stool was found jammed down

[Continued opposite.]



A SIMPLE EXAMPLE OF CEDAR WOOD AND EBONY EMBELLISHED WITH IVORY: A LOW RECTANGULAR FOOTSTOOL.

below the door-sill of the chamber, and crushed by heavy stone vessels. Particular attention must be drawn also to the hassock of rush-work, covered with linen enriched with beadwork showing alien captives bound and prone. Thus are illustrated the Psalmist's words, "... Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." The low rectangular footstool is one of many that were found. Some of these were of cedar wood and some of ebony; others were of the two woods and embellished with ivory, as in the case of the example illustrated above.

WITH ITS ORIGINAL STRING WEBBING: TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLD BED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 114



SUPPORTED BY FORE AND HIND LEGS OF FELINE TYPE: THE GOLD AND EBONY BED, WITH TRANSVERSE STRETCHERS CURVED IN ORDER TO CLEAR THE SAGGING OF THE WEBBING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE SLEEPER.



STOUT SHEET-GOLD OVER EBONY: THE FOOT-PANEL OF TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLD AND EBONY BED (SHOWING FLORAL SYMBOLS OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN EGYPT); AND THE STRING WEBBING OF THE BED.

Amongst the other remarkable articles in the Annexe were three large bedsteads in the form of the modern Sudanese Angarib. These have wooden frames with string webbing, have foot-panels, and are supported by fore and hind legs of feline type. One was found badly broken; another, which is of ebony and gilt, is in a very fair state, but is not very fine work; the third, which is here illustrated, is almost in its original state, save for a certain amount of warping due to the fact that it rested for so long on an uneven surface. It is of carved ebony overlaid with stout sheet-gold, and, from its general characteristics, it

evidently derives from El Amarna. The subjects of its decoration are floral, and Mr. Carter described them to our representative as "garlands of petals and fruits, bouquets, clumps of papyrus and red-tipped sedge, signifying Northern and Southern Egypt, chased and embossed upon the burnished gold." He continued: "It is interesting to note how the strengthening transverse stretchers under its framework are curved, in order to clear sagging of the webbing when the bedstead was slept upon." The proportions of this particular bedstead are perhaps finer than those of any of the others found in Tutankhamen's Tomb.

FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S NURSERY: A HIGH-BACKED CHAIR AND A STOOL.

Describing to our representative the high-backed chair from the Royal Nursery here illustrated, a seat which, as our photograph shows, is animal-footed, Mr. Carter said: "Like its companion stool, with gilded ornament between its seat and stretchers, in similar circumstances, it wedged itself as close as possible between the bedsteads of the royal household." Both chair and stool show the traditional throne ornament; ornament, that is to say, incorporating the Two Kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt under the monarchy. They are classed, of course, with the majority of Egyptian chairs and stools, which have the conventional bovine or feline legs. In this connection, they should be compared with the white three-legged stool with a semi-circular seat and, what is more important, with legs of canine form, which is illustrated on page 117. Taking them all in all, the chair and the two stools, although discoloured, still retain a certain splendour.

COMPANION TO THE NURSERY CHAIR: AN ANIMAL-FOOTED NURSERY STOOL; WITH GILDED ORNAMENT BETWEEN ITS SEAT AND STRETCHERS.

As we noted in our issue of July 6, when we gave the first series of our photographs of new treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb, everything was jumbled up in the Annexe: "... all turned topsy-turvy. Caskets overturned, their contents, spilled—in fact, everything in confusion." The disorder was, no doubt, the work of plunderers, but it is curious that, whereas in the other chambers there had been some sort of an attempt to tidy-up after the robbers, none had been made in the Annexe. "To exaggerate the chaos that existed," said Mr. Carter, "would be difficult. It was an illustration of both drama and tragedy. While contemplating its mingled picture of rapacity and destruction, one felt one could visualise the robbers' hurried scramble for loot—gold being their natural quarry: everything else they appear to have treated in the most brutal fashion." Thus it was that Mr. Carter, giving our representative the interview described on page 114, came to say: "There was something almost humorous yet pathetic in the situation of a proud and once pure white chair from the royal nursery ... turned upside down among such plebeian society as oil and wine jars and hampers of fruits, with which it was obliged to associate."

FROM THE ROYAL NURSERY: A HIGH-BACKED ANIMAL-FOOTED CHAIR (WITH GILDED ORNAMENT BETWEEN ITS SEAT AND STRETCHERS) WHICH WAS FOUND WEDGED BETWEEN BEDSTEADS OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

RENAULT'S CUCKOO.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

TWO or three times lately, on my visits to the "Zoo," I have stopped to ponder over the many peculiarities of that remarkable bird, Renault's Cuckoo—a rare bird in captivity. There is little in its general appearance to attract the attention of the casual visitor—it is to them but one of many in a host of strange birds. Unless, perhaps, they happened to notice the label attached to the enclosure, when, surely, they would be struck by the fact that here was a cuckoo of quite surprising character, since it presents not the slightest likeness to what one may call the conventional cuckoo—a long-tailed bird with short legs.

Now why should this bird—shown in the adjoining photograph—have departed so far from what we may call the "standard" in the matter of its legs, for example? For, compared with those of our cuckoo, this bird seems to be walking on stilts! Directly we begin the attempt to solve this problem, we make the discovery that, as a matter of fact, there are several species of long-legged cuckoos, of which the best-known is the American "Road-runner" (*Geococcyx*), fleet of foot, but a poor flier. Though these long-legged types can perch when they are minded to do so, they prefer the ground. And this not so much out of a preference for running, as for the much more important purpose of finding food. Whatever the precise nature of this may be, it is evidently not to be found amid the trees and undergrowth which form the hunting-ground of their short-legged relations. By this descent to the ground, then, these long-legged types have lessened the struggle for existence in so far as the food-supply is concerned. That is an important point, and it raises others.

What, in the first place, induced this change of haunts? No direct answer to this question is forth-

"zygodactyle"; wherein the toes are yoked together, two turned forwards and two backwards. The parrots and woodpeckers have also a foot modelled



FIG. 1. RENAULT'S CUCKOO: A SPECIES WHOSE LONG LEGS (A CONTRAST TO THE COMMON TYPE) ARE MOST PROBABLY DUE TO ANCESTRAL CHANGES OF DIET AND FEEDING GROUNDS.

Renault's Cuckoo (*Carpococcyx renaulsi*) is a native of Annam, and is rarely seen in captivity. It is a handsome bird; the forepart of the body (seen here as black) is really of a metallic purple gloss. But the interest of this bird lies not so much in its coloration as in the great length of its legs.

after this fashion, though the inference from this must be left for the present.

This interpretation is rendered the more acceptable from the fact that many other groups of arboreal and short-legged types have developed precisely similar long-legged forms. We find them, for example, among the parrots, and the pigeons, such as the grey-naped pigeon (Fig. 2). The pigeon-tribe, indeed, also afford us an insight into this matter of the change of feeding-habits, associated with the lengthening of the legs. For it has been noted, in the case of Sclater's crowned pigeon, that it is found haunting the banks of shallow streams for the sake of the fresh-water crabs and other crustaceans, which are particularly to its taste—a quite unexpected diet for a pigeon. Given stable conditions, in a few thousand generations these stream-haunting pigeons

may assume a plover-like form, or even become entirely aquatic.

Changes of diet, it is to be noted, are not induced, or at any rate permanently fixed, by adverse conditions. Rather, they come into being as a response to some inherent quality of taste. A latent inherent appreciation for new flavours is accidentally awakened, and gathers strength where it is unchecked. A fondness for leeks, garlic, blubber, very ancient eggs, or missionaries, noted in some sections of the human race, may be cited as parallel cases! To return to "the lower orders" of creation, we have a good instance of "induced" or enforced habits of feeding, as opposed to "selective feeding"—that is to say, a deliberate choice of food—in the case of the great spotted cuckoo.

The adult is insectivorous. But it foists its eggs upon the carrion and other crows, which feed the youngsters, as they feed their own, on carrion: for dead cats being more nourishing than

live caterpillars, such as our young cuckoos are fed on, the young great spotted cuckoo does not need to eject his foster-brothers and sisters from the nest. Birds in their little nests do sometimes agree! But when these carrion-reared cuckoos leave their foster-parents to fend for themselves, they do not continue to be carrion-eaters, but adopt the insectivorous diet of their race.

When essentially arboreal birds take to living on the ground, we have remarked, the legs become conspicuously lengthened. Sometimes yet further changes in the skeleton result. I have not had an opportunity of examining the hip-girdle of Renault's cuckoo, but it will be found that the pelvis of the "Road-runner," already referred to, has become profoundly changed (Fig. 3). In the typical cuckoos it forms a broad, shallow basin. But in the "Road-runner" it has become long and narrow, while the roof has become transformed into a wide flat plate with great overhanging shelf-like ledges—a response to the changed activities of the leg-muscles. Why the long-legged ground-pigeons, of which there are many species, do not present like changes in the hip-girdle, no man can say. A solution of the riddle may be forthcoming, however, when these birds come to be intensively studied in this regard.

And now there is another, very puzzling and very contradictory, side to this picture. Short-legged arboreal birds, we have seen, when they take to living on the ground, develop conspicuously long legs. Another and very striking addition to my list is furnished by the ground-hornbill. But what are we to say of sand-grouse? They are indeed "terrestrial," for they are desert-dwellers, yet they have remarkably short legs. Even if they be related to the pigeons, as some hold, they should, under the conditions, have developed long legs; and this even more so if, as is almost certainly the case, they are really members of the plover-tribe, for with them long legs are the rule. There are other and similar exceptions which, for lack of space, I cannot mention. I have an explanation—but it requires a whole page for its exposition. Enough, I hope, has been said to show that there is more in Renault's cuckoo than meets the eye at the first glance.



FIG. 2. THE GREY-NAPED PIGEON, WITH LEGS VERY LIKE THOSE OF THE LONG-LEGGED CUCKOO: A SIMILAR INSTANCE OF MODIFICATION THROUGH CHANGE OF FEEDING HABITS.

The grey-naped pigeon (*Otidihaps cervicalis*), of New Guinea, is believed by some to be a relation of the remarkable Nicobar pigeon.

coming. But we may hazard a guess. It started, we may suppose, with some inherent idiosyncrasy of taste on the part of some remote ancestor. And this might well have been galvanised into being by a shortage of food during a time of drought, when experiments in new kinds of food became imperative. Or it may have been started by an unusual abundance of some ground-feeding insect, which first excited the birds' curiosity and then tempted them to try its qualities as food—as Eve was tempted to take "just one bite" at the apple, and found that it was good! The new diet proving irresistible, and inexhaustible, the stresses and strains of new muscular movements now called into play, associated with the new conditions imposed by the physical environment, gradually induced a change in the length of the leg; and, as I hope to show, in the form of the hip-girdle. But these changes, it is interesting to note, were not accompanied by corresponding changes in the form of the foot, which, in the cuckoos, is known as

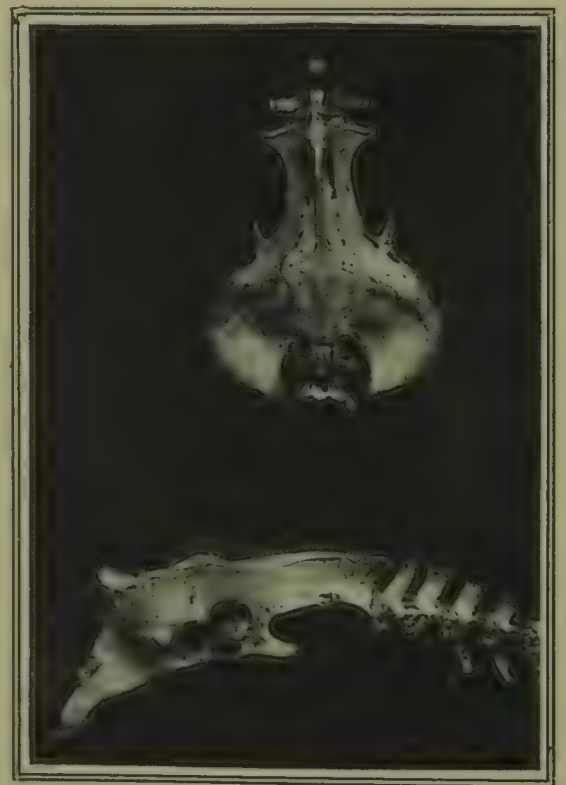


FIG. 3. THE PELVIS OF THE "ROAD-RUNNER" (*GEOCOCCYX*), AN AMERICAN SPECIES OF LONG-LEGGED CUCKOO: AN EXAMPLE OF STRUCTURAL CHANGE IN AN ARBOREAL BIRD WHEN IT TAKES TO GROUND LIFE.

Since Renault's Cuckoo belongs to the genus *Carpococcyx*, it will almost certainly be found to have a pelvis like that of the "Road-runner," shown here, wherein the hinder area of the upper surface forms on each side a great projecting ledge turning upwards at its edge. Its lateral, or outward, extension, as seen in the lower figure of the side view, is considerable. This plate is for the attachment of the leg muscles.

A PRESENT FOR H.H. THE POPE:
THE "GOOD KING WENCESLAS" VASE.



DETAIL FROM THE DECORATION OF THE VASE: INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF "GOOD KING WENCESLAS," OF CHRISTMAS CAROL FAME.



THE VASE PRESENTED TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE BY CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN CATHOLICS IN MEMORY OF THE MILLENNARY OF ST. WENCESLAS: THE CENTRAL RELIEF—ST. WENCESLAS ON HORSEBACK; WITH THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS IN THE BACKGROUND.



DETAIL FROM THE DECORATION OF THE VASE: INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF "GOOD KING WENCESLAS," OF CHRISTMAS CAROL FAME.

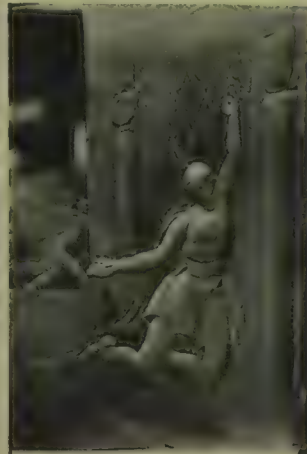
It will be recalled that Cardinal Bourne arrived in Prague early this month to take part in the celebrations in connection with the millenary of St. Wenceslas; and it was, perhaps, a little remarkable that the famous English carol "Good King Wenceslas," translated into Czech, was sung at an Anglo-Czech demonstration of friendship at Strahov Abbey. On this page, we illustrate a very fine Bohemian engraved-crystal vase, presented by the Czecho-Slovakian Catholics to his Holiness the Pope, in celebration of the millenary. This

[Continued in Box 2.]



DECORATED WITH DESIGNS OF "GOOD KING WENCESLAS" ON HORSEBACK AND INCIDENTS FROM HIS LIFE, AND SURMOUNTED BY A COVER WITH A MODEL OF THE SAINT'S CROWN: THE BOHEMIAN ENGRAVED-CRYSTAL VASE PRESENTED TO THE POPE BY CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN CATHOLICS.

is the work of Professor Joseph Drahonovsky, the well-known Czecho-Slovakian artist, who is a specialist in glyptics, glass-cutting, and engraving. It is 23 inches high. The central relief shows St. Wenceslas, with the Cathedral of St. Vitus in the background. The smaller reliefs depict various scenes from the life of the saint. The cover of the vase is surmounted by a model of the saint's crown. The crown itself is in the Cathedral of St. Vitus, in Prague, and was used at the Coronation of the Kings of Bohemia. The technical part of the work was done by the famous glass firm of A. Rueckel, at Nizbor, near Prague.



DETAIL FROM THE DECORATION OF THE VASE: INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF "GOOD KING WENCESLAS," OF CHRISTMAS CAROL FAME.

THE PAGEANT OF ASHDOWN FOREST: FROM THE FAIRY DAYS OF ANDERIDA TO THE GRIM WAR-DAYS OF 1918.



ANDERIDA ON HER WHITE CHARGER, IN THE MIDST OF THE ELVES AND THE FAIRIES: THE HON. MRS. TATHAM AS THE SPIRIT OF ASHDOWN FOREST



IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D., THE DAYS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS: THE ARRIVAL OF A HUNTING PARTY WITH A DEER THEY HAVE KILLED.



THE ROMANS IN POWER: A PATROL, HEADED BY A CENTURION (MISS H. E. SMITH), COME TO SEE THE WORKING OF A PRIMITIVE FURNACE.



AT A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY IRON-WORKS: MAKING A "BAR-GUN" WITH THE AID OF A TEN-FOOT HAMMER WORKED BY MAN-POWER.



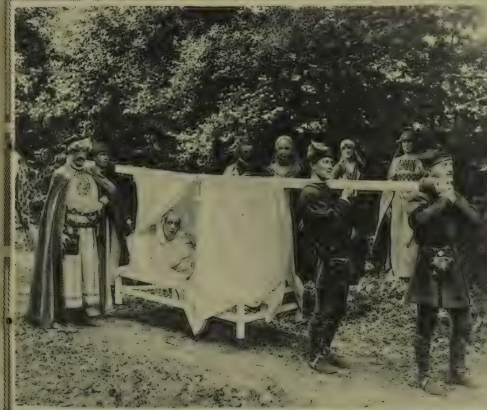
WHEN CHARLES II. APPOINTED LORD DORSET RANGER OF ASHDOWN FOREST: THE KING (MR. ERNEST RAYMOND) TOASTING HIS PEOPLE — NELL GWYN (MRS. H.E. ATKENS) CURTSEYING.



PEOPLE OF THE PROLOGUE: "MISUNDERSTOOD" BOYS (MASTER D. SPINDLER AND MISS DAPHNE MC LACHLAN); WITH FLORENCE MONTGOMERY (MRS. MC LACHLAN) AND LADY HAMILTON (MISS HENRIQUES).



THE PAGEANT OF ASHDOWN FOREST—AT KIDBROOKE PARK, FOREST ROW, SUSSEX: KING HENRY VIII. AT HIS FIRST MEETING WITH ANNE BOLEYN, IN VACHERY WOOD.



A NORMAN WEDDING: THE LADY ELA DE DENE (LADY ROSE McDONNELL) BORNE IN A LITTER, ACCOMPANIED BY HER MOTHER (THE COUNTESS OF ANTRIM) AND HER BROTHER (MR. BASIL FOYSTER)



THE NORMAN WEDDING: REFRESHMENT FOR THE NEWLY-WEDDED PAIR—LADY ELA, THE BRIDE (LADY ROSE McDONNELL) AND SIR JORDAN DE SACKVILLE, THE BRIDEGROOM (MR. ANTHONY HARDY).

The Pageant of Ashdown Forest, played at Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row, twice a day from July 16 until July 20, was written by Lord Edward Gleichen (who, by the way, is a second cousin of King George), and was produced by Miss Gwen Lally. It opened with a Prologue, in which the first figure to appear was that of Anderida, Spirit of the Forest and it ended with a Camp Scene of 1918, and a finale of the discovery of the source of the Amazon by Christopher Robin, of whose adventures in the Forest tales, as we all know, have been told. Between were seen an iron-works of the year 92, with interested

Romans watching early Britons trying to smelt iron ore dug out with bone shovels and wooden picks; a Norman wedding; iron-works of 1263 and of 1543; Henry the Eighth's first meeting with Anne Boleyn, in 1525; the presentation of the Charter to Sackville College in 1631; the appointment, by Charles II., of Lord Dorset as Ranger of Ashdown Forest; Sir James Richards, the Jacobite, at Brambletye in 1692; and smugglers and Excitemen at Kidbrooke in 1751. To-day, Saturday, the 20th, there is a Torchlight Tattoo as an added attraction.

THE WORLD OF SPORT: NOTABLE OCCASIONS.



THE HUNDREDTH ETON AND HARROW MATCH: THE SURVIVAL OF THE COACH AT LORD'S—A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE FAMOUS EVENT. The Eton and Harrow match of the end of last week was the one hundredth of its kind, and was, of course, the customary social function; complete with fashionable lookers-on, old Etonians and Harrovians galore, an abundance of sisters, and the usual coaches. The game was drawn.—"The Blue



THE MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY'S NEW HIGH-SPEED CRUISING LAUNCH: THE MARQUISE CHRISTENING "THE BLUE MOON," AT THORNYCROFT'S, HAMPTON-ON-THAMES. "Moon," built for the Marquis de Casa Maury, is 38 ft. in length, with a breadth of 9 ft., and a draught of 18 in. She has twin Thornycroft six-cylinder engines, each of 140 b.h.p., and her speed is about thirty miles an hour. In the photograph, Lt.-Comm. J. W. Thornycroft, R.N., is on the left, and the Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury are in the centre. At the back is Col. Stewart, who crossed the North Sea in a Thornycroft 30-ft. speed-boat.



THE WOMEN'S AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPIONSHIPS: CHAIRING MISS H. HATT, WHO MADE A WORLD'S RECORD IN THE 80 METRES HURDLES, 12 2-5TH SEC.



THE WOMEN'S A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: MISS I. K. WALKER (NO. 7) EQUALLING THE BRITISH WOMEN'S RECORD IN THE FINAL OF THE ONE HUNDRED YARDS, BY FINISHING IN 11 2-5TH SEC. The Women's Amateur Athletic Association's championships were held on July 13. Miss Howes's time for the one mile walk was 8 min. 18 sec. Miss King's time for the 440 yards was 59 1-5th sec.



MISS L. L. HOWES, (LEFT), WHO BEAT THE BRITISH RECORD IN THE MILE WALK; AND MISS M. E. KING, WHO MADE A WORLD'S RECORD IN THE 440 YARDS.



THE FLIGHT OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" FROM SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, TO CROYDON; BEATING SQUADRON-LEADER HINKLER'S RECORD: MESSRS. H. A. LITCHFIELD (NAVIGATOR); FLIGHT-LIEUT. C. T. P. ULM (SECOND PILOT); CAPTAIN KINGSFORD-SMITH (PILOT); AND MR. McWILLIAMS (WIRELESS OPERATOR), ON ARRIVAL AT CROYDON. Captain Kingsford-Smith and his three companions left Sydney for England on June 25, to "hop" to this country, and arrived at Croydon on the afternoon of July 10. Twelve descents were made during the flight, which was the second journey by air from Australia to this country. The first was made by Sir Alan Cobham, who flew from England to Australia and back in 1926. The first individual flight from London to Australia was made by Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler, and took fifteen and a half days.



GREAT BRITAIN LOSES TO GERMANY IN THE DAVIS CUP: MR. H. W. AUSTIN'S COLLAPSE DURING HIS SINGLES MATCH WITH DR. H. PREHN, IN BERLIN. Great Britain lost to Germany in the final of the European Zone of the Davis Cup, played in Berlin, by three matches to two. When playing Prehn, Austin collapsed. It was stated that the cause was cramp, but it has been reported since that he strained a thigh.

Italian Art in Sunlit Algeria: The Amisani Exhibition.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ARTIST'S PRESENT EXHIBITION AT THE BROOK STREET ART GALLERY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"THE MARKET, SIDI OKBA", BY GIUSEPPE AMISANI: SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN AN ALGERIAN TOWN.

Giuseppe Amisani, the well-known Italian artist, is now holding in London another very interesting exhibition of his oil paintings, which will be on view until July 22, at the Brook Street Art Gallery, 14, Brook Street, New Bond Street. A previous exhibition of his work, at the Arlington Gallery, was illustrated in our issue of October 22, 1927. Signor Amisani was born at Mede, Lomellina, in 1881, and studied at the Brera Academy in Milan. An amusing story is told of his student days there. In his second year, by some mischance, he was too late to enter as a pupil, so he followed the lessons by climbing a wooden post outside the

school windows, whence he could see and hear all that went on within! His first important work was a portrait of Lida Borelli, the actress, which won the first prize at the Milan Exhibition of 1912, though it had been rejected for the Venice Exhibition of that year. He has since painted many famous people, including Princess Yolanda (who married Count Calvi di Bergolo), the late Pope Benedict XV., the poet Carducci, and a son of King Fuad of Egypt. Signor Amisani has had exhibitions in Cairo, Milan, Argentina, and twice in Brazil. He has found many congenial subjects for landscape in sunlit Algeria.

A Painter's Memories of the Russian Ballet and Famous Dancers: "The Poetry of Motion" in Colour.

FROM THE PICTURES BY ERNST OPPLER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ANNA PAVLOVA IN "THE DEATH OF THE SWAN."



ANNA PAVLOVA—A PASTEL.



TAMAR KARSAVINA, IN THE POLKA "LES VENDREDIS."



TAMAR KARSAVINA IN "THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE."

The return of M. Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, which began a four weeks' season at Covent Garden on July 1, lends a topical interest to the charming work of an artist who has devoted special attention to the subject of Russian dancing. "It was the revelation of the Russian ballets about fifteen years ago," writes M. André Levinson, "that gave the painter Ernst Oppler his inspiration, and this same source has dominated it ever since. His canvases and his etchings have been strongly influenced by these ballets, for nothing has lessened his first enthusiasm, and, though he sometimes chooses other subjects, he nevertheless remains faithful to his memory of a recent past. . . . For the 'Sylphides' and 'Scheherazade' are now pages of history." The Diaghileff Ballet of the present day, though it has in its programme some of the older ballets, such as "Les Sylphides" and Schumann's "Carnaval," goes in for all the most modern kinds of ballets, which lovers of the old kind of choreography are apt to deplore, as they do not always give the dancers a chance of showing their very fine ballet technique, and are sometimes too reminiscent of physical jerks. Mme. Tamar Karsavina, who is here shown in "Le Spectre de la Rose," appeared at a matinee of "Petrushka" (a ballet in which she danced with the celebrated Nijinsky) during the present season of the Diaghileff Ballets at



"LES SYLPHIDES" AS GIVEN BY M. DIAGHILEFF'S RUSSIAN BALLET.



A SCENE FROM "CARNAVAL," BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Covent Garden. She dances very rarely now. There is no doubt but that we owe a great debt of gratitude to M. Diaghileff, for it is certainly thanks to him that we have come to know the music of Stravinsky so well. He it was who produced that wonderful ballet of "Petrushka," not to mention "Le Sacre du Printemps," both of them before the war, and the latter work had anything but an entirely favourable reception when it was first given at Drury Lane. Pavlova for very many years has been the leader of a ballet of her own, but her greatest success has undoubtedly been "La Mort du Cygne."



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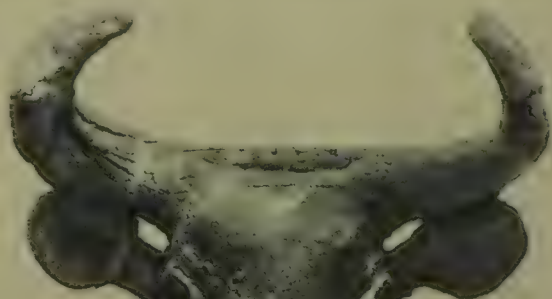
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"THE RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET"; LYRES; AND A BULL'S HEAD: UR "FINDS," AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FROM A LYRE FOUND
AT UR:
A SPLENDID BULL'S
HEAD IN COPPER;
AND FINE PLAQUES
OF SHELL
AND LAPIS LAZULI.



We give here four remarkable and representative "finds" from Ur which are on exhibition at the British Museum as part of the collection resulting from the seventh year's work by the Joint Expedition (under Mr. C. Leonard Woolley) of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The Ram statue, the Royal Lyre, and the Silver Lyre come from the great royal "death-pit" at Ur (illustrated in our issue of June 23, 1928). The Bull's Head in copper is from a separate, but more or less contemporary, grave. The date of this is between 3500 and 3300 B.C. On the Silver Lyre the stag's fore-feet rest in a crook of the stem of a water-plant made of copper. The sounding-box of the Royal Lyre and the uprights are decorated with shell, lapis lazuli, and red limestone, and the uprights also have bands of gold. Half the top beam was silver-coated. The tops of the strings were attached to the plain back-end of the top beam, and at the bottom they were fixed to a bridge (missing) against the side of the sounding-box. Originally, the front legs of the Ram were attached to the branches by silver chains. The tree is of gold.



IN THE FORM OF
A BOAT: A SILVER
LYRE; WITH A STAG
SUPPORTING THE UP-
RIGHT, ITS FORE-Feet
ON A WATER-PLANT.



WITH A MAGNIFICENT HEAD OF A BEARDED BULL, IN HEAVY GOLD, IN FRONT
OF THE SOUNDING-BOX: A ROYAL LYRE FROM UR. (THE SOUNDING-BOX RESTORED.)

"THE RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET": A STATUE WITH GOLD FACE
AND LEGS; SILVER BELLY; SHELL FLEECE; AND SHOULDERS, HORNS,
AND EYES OF LAPIS LAZULI—AND A TREE OF GOLD.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



DROUGHT IN CHINA, AS IN THIS COUNTRY: SPECIAL WATER-TANKS PLACED IN THE STREETS FOR THE USE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC IN HONG KONG.

Drought is by no means confined to this country at the moment, and the correspondent who sent us the two photographs here given states that, at the time of his writing, serious riots were expected in Hong Kong unless the officials could find some speedy means of increasing the water-

supply. Tanks of the type shown had then been set in the streets in long lines, for the use of the general public; but, obviously, this was but a temporary measure and not to be relied upon as a permanent solution of the problem presented.



HOW AEROPLANES ARE RE-FUELLED IN THE AIR DURING ENDURANCE FLIGHTS: THE MONOPLANE "THREE MUSKETEERS" RECEIVING PETROL FROM THE PIPE OF A MACHINE FLYING ABOVE HER.

In America, more particularly, constant endeavours are being made to break the world's flying endurance record for an aeroplane re-fuelling in the air. How this re-fuelling is done is very well illustrated by the photograph here given, which shows the monoplane "Three Musketeers" receiving petrol from a pipe hanging from an aeroplane flying above her.



AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN AT GILLINGHAM: FIREMEN RESCUING THE INHABITANTS OF THE BURNING "HOUSE" AT A RECENT MOST SUCCESSFUL DISPLAY IN BATTERSEA PARK.

The terrible fire disaster at a fête at Gillingham Park, Kent, late on the night of July 11, is illustrated by these two photographs. The first, which was taken at a successful demonstration in Battersea Park, shows the rescue of people from a burning "house." This is what should have happened at Gillingham; but what, in fact, did happen was that the "house" erected there took fire too soon, with fatal results. The flames mounted the structure at such speed and with such fierceness that the cadets and men who were acting as inhabitants of the house could not be reached, and perished in the flames: this, despite heroic endeavour to save them.



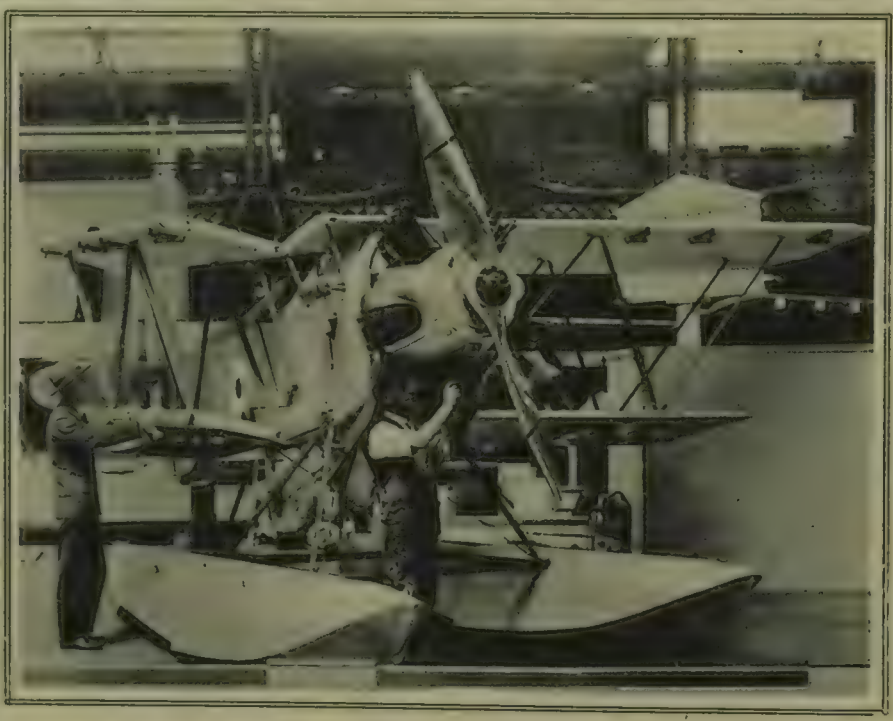
THE GILLINGHAM DISASTER: ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE "HOUSE" WHICH TOOK FIRE TOO SOON AND FROM WHICH, THEREFORE, RESCUES ACCORDING TO PLAN WERE IMPOSSIBLE.

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PUBLIC ANXIETY ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE SECOND OPERATION ON THE KING: THE SCENE OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON JULY 16.

The announcement that it had been decided to perform a second operation on his Majesty came as something of a shock to the public, although they were reassured by the statement that it would be of a comparatively minor nature. The actual operation was undertaken on the Monday, and the Bulletin issued stated: "The condition of his Majesty is satisfactory."



A SEAPLANE THAT CAN BE FOLDED UP AND CARRIED IN A SUBMARINE: AN UNUSUALLY INTERESTING EXHIBIT AT THE AERO EXHIBITION.

The Parnall Peto seaplane is so designed that it can be borne in a special compartment in a submarine. The wings fold. It will carry a pilot and an observer and, in addition, it has space for a wireless set, seat-type parachutes, and a chart case. Its range is two hours; so it is not difficult to see what a valuable accessory it could be, acting as a scout for a submarine at sea. The men standing by it give a good idea of its size.

OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE GREAT AERO EXHIBITION.



OUR FLYING PRINCE AT THE GREATEST AERO SHOW EVER HELD IN EUROPE: THE PRINCE OF WALES MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION AFTER HE HAD OPENED THE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA ON JULY 16.



THE PRINCE OF WALES MUCH INTERESTED IN A NEW GERMAN JUNKERS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LOOKING INTO A COCKPIT OF ONE OF THE FAMOUS FLYING-MACHINES AT OLYMPIA.

Appropriately enough, for he always has an aeroplane at his disposal in case he should wish to fly to keep engagements at a distance, the Prince of Wales opened the International Aero Exhibition at Olympia on July 16. That he was much interested goes without saying, and that he had every reason to be so is certain. With the idea of aiding the British Aircraft Industry, the Air Ministry sanctioned the showing of most of our previously secret military aircraft, and, in addition, all classes of civil aircraft are to be seen, including many light aircraft. Further, there are collective exhibits from France, Germany, and Italy, and for the first

time the United States is represented at an aero show in Europe. In all, some seventy aircraft are on view. Included are the flying-boat in which Sir Alan Cobham made his flight through and round Africa; a Vickers "Victoria" of the type used in the rescues from Kabul; the Fairey monoplane which flew from England to India non-stop; the Supermarine Napier seaplane which won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain in 1927; and a model of the new German flying-boat "Do. X," a number of excellent illustrations of whose trials appear on another page in this issue.

RAISING A RAMMED SUBMARINE: THE EPIC OF "S.51."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ON THE BOTTOM": By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

THE United States submarine *S.51*, rammed by the steamship *City of Rome*, was embedded on the bottom, a hundred and thirty-two feet down, fifteen miles from land, in one of the storm-sectors of the North American coast. There came a time when it was necessary to drive a tunnel beneath her, amidships, that reeving lines and chains for lifting-pontoons might be passed under her from port side to starboard. It was determined to pierce through the packed grey sand and the hard blue clay with a jet of water projected from a fire-hose. The divers set to work, toiling, moiling, and in peril. A foot a day was the utmost progress that could be made.

Francis Smith was working along. "Imagine his situation. In ice-cold water, utter blackness, total solitude, he was buried 135 feet below the surface of the sea. No sight, no sound, no sense of direction except the feel of the iron hull of the *S.51*, against his back, as he lay stretched out flat in a narrow hole, scarcely larger than his body, not big enough for him to turn round in. Ahead in his outstretched arms he grasped the nozzle, burrowing his way deeper, while around him coursed backward the black stream of freezing water, laden with mud and clay."

He called for help. The tunnel had fallen in on him. Eiben descended. Commander Ellsberg listened, fearfully. Heavy breathing reached his ear. He pictured a nozzle, wrenched from the grip, thrashing the life out of a man.

"I waited," he tells. "Then over Smith's telephone I heard Smith say to Eiben, 'I'm all right now, Joe. Had a little accident. You go back to your own job.'"

"Though he could not turn round, Smith had managed to pass the nozzle back between his legs, and guiding it with his feet he had washed his way out backward through the cave-in!"

"Eiben left. Smith sat down on the ocean floor a few minutes to rest, then picked up his hose, crawled back into the tunnel, and for half an hour more continued to wash his way towards the keel."

"No deed ever performed in the heat of battle, where thousands cheer you on, can compare with Francis Smith's bravery when, in the silent depths of the ocean beneath the hulk of the *S.51*, having washed his way out of what might well have been his grave, he deliberately turned round, went back into the black hole from which he had by the grace of God escaped, and worked his way deeper and deeper into it."

"Had a little accident." That was the spirit of those engaged on the salvage—that the drowned might be honoured ashore, and criticism of the Navy Department be stilled.

No layman can conceive the risks run. If any have felt inclined to cavil at our own Admiralty's decision to abandon attempts to retrieve *H.47*—which is at fifty-seven fathoms—they should read "On the Bottom." If any, in this age of taking the wonderful for granted, regard the diver merely as a highly skilled mechanic who is the spoiled darling of the dockyards, they *must* read it, as an act of justice.

Let us leave out of consideration the particular, the "personal," difficulties faced in connection with the *S.51*—the constant chance of fouling life-lines and air-pipes or of having them cut by jagged edges of steel; cramped entrances; jammed doors and valves and hatches; slippery surfaces to be trodden with leaden soles; the plugging and the pumping to seal compartments and make them water-tight; the metal-cutting with oxygen torches; the hacking, hewing, roping, chaining, screwing, hammering, patching, drilling, cementing; the "cradle"-placing by the human "moles"; obstructive, dangling and floating bodies; bad weather, unmanageable pontoons; the innumerable problems solved by the helmeted, rubber-suited, equipment-encumbered craftsmen, finding by touch, and plying their tools in a gloom unpierceable even by a thousand-watt bulb with a searchlight-reflector.

Let us forget that the sunken vessel was twenty-two fathoms down, that she weighed a thousand tons, and that the suction holding her was somewhere about eight thousand tons, and had to be broken. All these barriers yielded at long last to heroic persistence and to ingenuity; and to such careful and prolonged rehearsals on the attendant sister ship *S.50* that the divers could grope their stumbling way and locate specified valves and nuts and what not, as though blindfolded, which, for all practical purposes, they were.

"On the Bottom." An Epic of Deep-Sea Diving. By Commander Edward Ellsberg, D.S.M., United States Navy. Edited, with an Introduction, by Hector C. Bywater, Associate of the Institution of Naval Architects, Life Member of the United States Naval Institute. (Constable and Co.; 10s. net.)

Let us ignore these things; and let us turn to the physical, for "nothing that the ingenuity of man has enabled him to do is more unnatural than working as a diver in deep water."

Hear Commander Ellsberg. He is describing "the bends," convulsions that may end in a speedy death or in paralysis for life. "As the diver descends he is compressed by the weight of the column of water above him. Over the surface of his body, for each foot he descends, an added load of almost half a ton presses upon him. At 130 feet the total load is nearly sixty tons. To prevent the diver from being crushed into a jelly by this weight it is necessary for him to breathe air under a pressure slightly exceeding that of the water; this internal air

form. The 'decompression time,' that is, the length of time at each stage and the number of stages, depends on the amount of nitrogen originally absorbed, which in turn depends on the depth to which the diver has descended and the duration of his stay there." That is a long quotation, and technical; but it is necessary, in order to show why it is that a diver's actual work may be limited to an hour; and why the craft in waiting is fitted with an "iron doctor," a recompression tank for use in emergency. To it should be added another. Smith and Carr insisted on carrying-on. They had been down for three hours and twenty minutes! Commander Ellsberg refused to allow them to gamble their safety any longer. "Take them up," he ordered. Then, "without

further discussion," he records, "we dragged both men off the deck of the submarine and started them to the surface. They had been down nearly three and a-half times the safe limit, on the longest dive ever made in deep water. Our decompression tables had no figures to cover such a case, but to make sure we spent nine hours in decompressing them. It was morning when Smith and Carr went down; it was evening when finally they came over the rail—weak, wet, and frozen. . . ." Nine hours for three and a-half!

Then there was Eadie, whose exhaust valve failed as he was jumping up and down under ninety feet of water, to decompress himself. His suit began to swell and, before he could reach the control valve to cut off the air, stiffened out and spread-eagled its wearer. He began to float up, dreading that he would shoot up against the *Falcon's* hull at such a pace that his helmet would be crushed in. As he rose, he contrived to hook the brass toe-caps of his diving shoes to one of the stages! Then his shoulder-straps burst and his helmet was two feet above his head! He could not telephone. The pressure increased. His suit burst; and he fell back on the stage. Quick haulage to the surface—and hours in the recompression tank.

Then there was Bailey. He gave the four quick jerks of the emergency signal, was drawn from the freezing water, and could only murmur weakly, "No air; no air!" Commander Ellsberg explains: "We tried his air hose. Nothing came through. When we increased the pressure a block of ice blew out, then others, cylindrically shaped to suit the inside of his hose. The cold air going down to Bailey had been further chilled in its passage through the line of hose submerged in ice-cold water; the moisture in the air had condensed and frozen solid, thus plugging his air-hose."

Then there was Frazer, miraculously saved from being dug out of his helmet, "a jellified mass," thanks to his presence of mind in ballooning his suit as, accidentally freed from his life-line, he plunged down, weighted with 200 lb. of lead and copper.

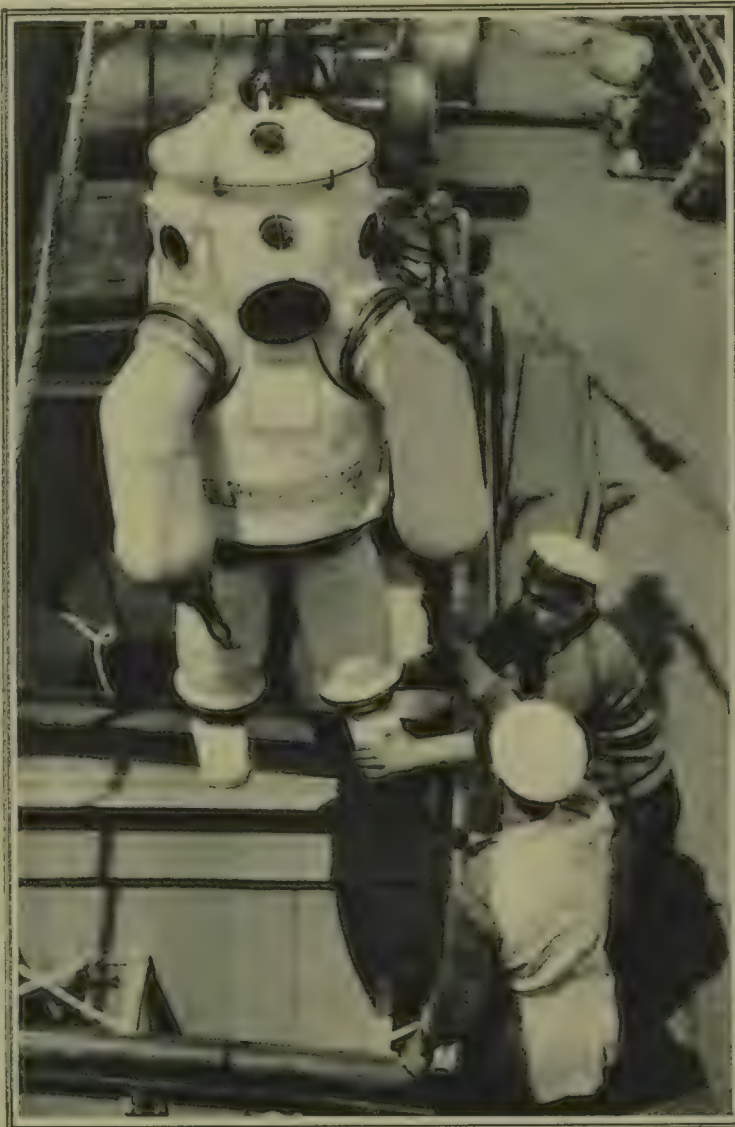
And there was L'Heureux, a shallow-water diver who volunteered for the deeps. He descended—and he was lost. Eadie, warned by telephone, searched. He discovered L'Heureux wandering aimlessly. Eiben helped to get him to the deck of the submarine. Then the three were hauled up—it took over two hours. L'Heureux was seething with mirth. He was intoxicated by an excessive intake of oxygen. A rush to the Iron Doctor. "They tossed him through the outer lock; Dr. Flotte scrambled in after him; the heavy steel door was swung to, Dr. Flotte sprang for the air valve, opening it wide. Compressed air whistled through—30 lb. 40, 50, Flotte's ears began to ring. Sixty pounds. Blood started to flow from his mouth, but still the air roared through. He must get the pressure up on L'Heureux—never mind about himself. Seventy pounds. Still the valve stayed wide

open, the needle kept on upwards. Eighty pounds. Enough! Dr. Flotte, shutting off the air turned to bend over L'Heureux. . . . A bad case of 'bends.' The diver lived, but he never dived again.

"No deed ever performed in the heat of battle . . . can compare." That is no more than the truth. The raising of *S.51* was indeed a mighty Labour most valorously done; a task that even Hercules might have been shy of essaying—and did not he raise Cerberus from the Infernal Regions! The salvage men were "burnt-out"; but they had beaten the sea.

"The *S.51* was at last exposed to the light of day. Covered with fine seaweed, draped in a tangled net of manila lines that had gradually gathered over her hull as we worked, she lay in the dock—a huge hole in her port side where the *City of Rome* had cut through.

"We opened the hatches. Clad in gas-masks the medical party entered to remove the bodies of eighteen officers and men still inside the hull." E. H. G.



THE SEARCH FOR THE SUNKEN "EGYPT," WHICH HAS RESULTED IN THE FINDING OF THE WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE": A DIVER IN HIS "MECHANICAL MAN" SUIT ABOUT TO BE LOWERED FROM THE "ARTIGLIO."

It was announced the other day that the "Artiglio" would resume her search for the "Egypt" as soon as the necessary electric detector had arrived. At the same time it was reported that the salvage ship had located the wreck of the S.S. "Drummond Castle," which went down in 1896, with a loss of 251 lives, after striking the *Pierres Vertes*. This lies in some thirty fathoms of water two miles south of the south-eastern corner of the Island of Ushant. It was sighted from the observation shell, and the diver saw the stern clearly.

pressure, transmitted by the lungs to the blood, enables him to balance the external water pressure." That sounds well enough; but nitrogen, the inert component of the air, acts the enemy. "Under heavy pressure the nitrogen entering the lungs, instead of being all exhaled again, dissolves in the blood, and the heavier the pressure and the longer the period of exposure, the greater the quantity of nitrogen dissolved. While the diver remains under pressure, that is, stays on the bottom, he notices nothing. The nitrogen goes into solution, the blood remains a clear liquid. But when the pressure . . . is released on the diver by his coming to the surface, the nitrogen dissolved in his blood bubbles out and forms a froth in his blood. These bubbles clog the arteries." The antidote is to bring the diver to the surface in a series of short rises, with a pause at each stage; "lifting him enough each time so that, under the decreased pressure, some nitrogen comes out, but not decreasing the pressure so much at each step as to allow bubbles of any size to

THE LOSS OF THE SUBMARINE "H 47": THE BURIAL SERVICE AT SEA.



LAST RITES FOR THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES AS A RESULT OF THE COLLISION OF "H 47" AND "L 12": THE TWO-MINUTES' SILENCE ON "RODNEY" DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE OVER THE POSITION OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE.



FIRING THE LAST VOLLEY: "H.M.S. 'RODNEY' . . . ACCOMPANIED BY AN APPROPRIATE ESCORT OF THE OTHER VESSELS ON THE SPOT, WILL . . . STOP OVER THE POSITION WHERE 'H 47' LIES AND PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO THOSE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES."

As noted in our last issue, the British submarine "H 47" sank on July 9, as a result of collision with the British submarine "L 12." On the 11th, for reasons stated and made more apparent by the article on the opposite page, the Secretary of the Admiralty announced that it had been decided to abandon salvage operations. The statement concluded: "H.M.S. 'Rodney,' flying the flag of the Rear-Admiral Commanding Submarines, and accompanied by an appropriate escort

of the other vessels on the spot, will, before leaving the vicinity, stop over the position where 'H 47' lies and pay their last respects to those who have lost their lives." So it was that at sunset on the night of that day "Rodney" dropped anchor over the resting-place of "H 47" and her heroic dead. Then the crews lined up and the chaplains of the vessels conducted the Burial Service. Finally, seamen placed wreaths on the water, in memory of their lost comrades.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS."

AN attempt to break away from the talking-film-maker's usual stock-in-trade and to invade a realm which even the silent film has left more or less untouched deserves to be put on record. "Gentlemen of the Press" deals with a big subject—one of the biggest in the world; and, if, as is unfortunately the case, it fails to rise to its great opportunity, there is that in its atmosphere that stimulates imagination. As a talking film, it has qualities that go to show how swiftly the invention of sound-recording is moving forward. No longer do voices boom and jangle. The whispered word has become an easy proposition. A general hubbub dominated by one voice clearer, or nearer, than the rest is fast settling down into a recognised producer's trick, but is still immensely effective. Noises no longer need exaggeration to be duly recorded, nor need a sigh assume the dimensions of a simoon.

The hero of this film is a leader-writer on a big New York daily. During his years of hard work as a reporter he has been blown hither and thither on the wings of journalism, always hot on the heels of some "good story." And his motherless little daughter has had to face the big moments of her young life without him. Thus it is that she arrives in the newspaper office late one evening after a runaway marriage with a penniless young man, himself a reporter. Her neglectful, but very loving father, takes the young *ménage* under his wing, and even accepts a well-paid but uncongenial task in order to provide it with the necessary funds. But the newspaper world soon claims him again. Back in the same office, though now at an editorial desk, the old sport of hunting good news absorbs him once again—to such an extent, indeed, that when his daughter is lying at the point of death, he lingers just a little too long over the report of a big shipwreck with tremendous loss of life. When he puts his ear at last to the telephone-receiver already in his hand, it is to hear the news of another shipwreck and another loss of life—his daughter's. She has been sacrificed—for the last time—to a "big scoop." Probably the tragedy owes a great deal of its poignancy to the masterly acting and appealing sincerity of the actor, Walter Huston. In any case, I fancy few amongst the general public will be able to watch the climax unmoved.

There follows then a brief peroration which is, I take it, supposed to cap the situation, but which is both unnecessary and misleading. As the stricken father sits at his desk, stunned by the doctor's message, he is approached by a recent recruit to the office, who timidly asks the great man's advice on newspaper life. Whereupon Snell turns on him and bids him "get out of it" before the poison has entered his soul. As the reaction of a man, with nerves strung to breaking-point, to an inopportune question, the outburst has its justification and its dramatic value. But as a comment on or summing-up of newspaper life—and as such it will impress the average onlooker—it is completely unfair. The journalist is no greater victim to the exigencies of his work than the doctor or the lawyer, and less, perhaps, than the actor.

As a glimpse of the American reporter's life and the feverish activities of a newspaper office the film comes at least as near the truth as the highly coloured pictures of stage-life and the amenities of "star" dressing-rooms to which the screen has repeatedly introduced us. The expert is bound to be captiously critical of it. The expert always is when his particular field is invaded. But there are several grains of truth amongst the chaff, and the chaff is good fun, capitally realised by a well-selected company. Walter Huston's rightly dominating portrait of Snell finds a diverting pendant in Charlie, incorrigible tippler and 'cute reporter as well as prince of good fellows, as

played by Charles Ruggles. Snell's pretty daughter is tenderly and simply rendered by Betty Lawford, a name that is new to me. One of the many discoveries of the talking pictures, Miss Lawford is a young actress whose career should merit watching.



THE RETURN TO THE STAGE OF MR. HENRY AINLEY: THE FAMOUS ACTOR AS JAMES FRASER AND MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS JANET FRASER IN "THE FIRST MRS. FRASER," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. St. John Ervine's new comedy at the Haymarket has brought back to the stage that fine actor Mr. Henry Ainley, who was very seriously ill for many months. It also gives Miss Marie Tempest, greatest of English comédiennes, splendid opportunity to make yet another success.



THE TWO MRS. FRASERS: MISS URSULA JEANS AS ELSIE FRASER (LEFT), AND MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS JANET FRASER IN "THE FIRST MRS. FRASER," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"TEMBI," AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.

Cherry Kearton is a great hunter—the greatest, perhaps, of this age—all the greater because he never shoots to kill. His is not the ambition to be

photographed standing on the carcass of some mighty victim or counting over a "bag" of limp lions. He uses no more dangerous weapon than the camera, but that he handles with infinite cunning, and every "shot" he aims is destined to widen our knowledge of natural history. To secure these intimate glimpses of wild beasts apparently totally unaware of the presence of man, Cherry Kearton has travelled thousands of miles, bringing home thousands of feet of film—"Tembi," before it was cut down to programme length, ran to 40,000 feet!—and taken risks that were no child's play. The superb lion, gazing at you with calm and trustful eyes, was within twenty feet of Kearton's camera, and the colossal elephant flapping ears like the giant wings of some monstrous bat was even nearer. As a matter of fact, he ended up his portrait-sitting by charging the artist. But as the latter had adopted an ingenious device, as simple as the egg of Columbus, for discovering when the breeze would shift towards the elephant, he was able to skip out of the path of his irate subject.

"Tembi" takes its name from a sacred crocodile. He makes a belated but highly effective entry into the picture, when the native hero summons him from his watery lair in order to qualify as a member of the tribe who worship Tembi. It appears that some natives know a secret call to which the crocodile will answer, and certainly Tembi responds with uncanny alacrity and covers the ground in search of the fish prepared for him with surprising speed. The picture takes the form of a narrative by one Inguti, an old chief who recalls the pilgrimage which brought him in his youth, with his wife Umbeti and his three-year-old child, from a far-off village. We see Inguti as a handsome and remarkably intelligent looking native taking alarm at the strange behaviour of the Fire Lake, and fleeing from the volcanic region of his birth to seek some safer clime. The eruption which occurs after his flight, stampeding the wild animals and setting fire to the forests, is but one of the many wonders we see through Inguti's eyes. The wanderings of the little family take them through jungle and across mighty plains, through hippopotamus, elephant, and lion country, and athwart the path of many strange beasts, birds, and insects. Cherry Kearton's love of animals illuminates the whole film; his sense of humour enlivens it. Nothing could be more appealing than a mighty full-maned lion unbending to play with his big-eyed cub, rolling on his dignified back in order to amuse the youngster, whilst his wife sits by with a tolerant but superior look on her face as if to say, "These men do make fools of themselves." To point the moral, Kearton completes these shots with pictures of Inguti and his charming wife indulging in a romp-hour with their little black "coon."

Kearton possesses an infallible eye for an effective setting. His giant giraffe—one of the herd measures twenty feet—are taken at angles that cause them to tower above the surrounding shrubs in a manner reminiscent of the extinct ichthyosaurus. There is an idyll of a magnificent elephant taking a cooling draught from a river that is exquisite in its untouched and remote serenity. An obese hippo rising smugly from a mud-bath is a gem of unconscious humour. But "Tembi" is far too rich in detail, in strange and precious information, in scenic beauty and untrammelled movement to be caught within the confines of the space at my disposal. As I write, all sorts of interesting incidents recur to me; queer little animal faces mouth at me; reptiles and beasts with the silhouettes of prehistoric monsters invade my mental screen, until I see nothing for it but to meet them all again in the company of Cherry Kearton's fearless young chieftain as soon as time permits.

THE EDGE OF THE ICE BARRIER COLLAPSES: BYRD EXPEDITION RESCUES.



A RESCUER AFLOAT ON A FRAGMENT OF ICE: JOE DEGANAHL WAITING TO BE SAVED AFTER HE HAD DIVED OVERBOARD IN SEARCH OF BENNIE ROTH AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE BARRIER'S EDGE.



AFTER DEGANAHL HAD BEEN TAKEN OFF THE FLOATING FRAGMENT OF ICE: A BOAT FROM THE "ELEANOR BOLLING" RETURNING WITH THE GALLANT RESCUER, AFTER HIS DIVE OVERBOARD.



THE COLLAPSE OF PART OF THE EDGE OF THE GREAT ICE BARRIER: THE SCENE OF THE FALL; WITH THE BOAT THAT PICKED UP AIR MECHANIC BENJAMIN ROTH.

Adding to our series of illustrations of Commander Richard E. Byrd's Antarctic Expedition, a series begun in our issue of May 4, and continued in the issue of the following week, we give these photographs of a remarkable incident. Part of the edge of the Great Ice Barrier (which the Expedition reached in December and found to present an ice cliff higher than the mast of their ship!) collapsed; and Air-Mechanic Benjamin Roth was thrown into the icy waters, while at the same time Henry T. Harrison, grabbing at a line, saved himself from falling into the sea, and was eventually hauled back to the top of the barrier. As soon as the accident happened, Joe Deganahl dived overboard with the idea of rescuing any members of the party in the water. Before long, he became so exhausted that he was only able to crawl on top of a small fragment of ice, and there wait until he himself could be saved by a boat from the "Eleanor Bolling." Roth, who could not swim, hung on to pieces of floating ice until he also was picked up. Some idea of the extent of the damage caused by the slipping of the edge can be obtained from study of the central photograph.



PRESENCE OF MIND: HENRY T. HARRISON, WHO GRABBED AT A LINE WHEN THE BARRIER'S EDGE GAVE WAY, BEING HAULED ON TO THE TOP OF THE BARRIER AGAIN.



AFTER HE HAD KEPT HIMSELF AFLOAT BY HANGING ON TO A FRAGMENT OF ICE IN THE ANTARCTIC WATERS: ROTH BEING HELPED ABOARD THE "ELEANOR BOLLING."

"SHOT" WITH A CAMERA: AFRICAN WILD BEASTS OF "TEMBI"

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FILM "TEMBI," WHICH IS BEING SHOWN AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.



SEEKING TO SOLVE THE ETERNAL PROBLEM: AN ELAND SEARCHING FOR WATER IN A DRIED-UP RIVER-BED—AN INTERESTED ZEBRA IN ATTENDANCE.



THE ZEBRA TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST, ITS NEEDS UNSATISFIED: A LATER STAGE OF THE ELAND'S SEARCH FOR WATER IN THE DRIED-UP RIVER-BED.



ON THE ALERT ON AN ANT-HILL: INGUTI WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF GAME IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



THE HUNTING LEOPARD: A CHEETAH LEAVING FROM A ROCK A RECORD FROM "TEMBI."



THE CREATURE THAT GIVES THE NAME TO THE FILM: A "SACRED" CROCODILE—WITH INGUTI, THE CHIEFTAIN.



INGUTI, THE HERO, TURNS FROM HUNTER TO HUNTED! ABOUT TO CLIMB A TREE TO ESCAPE THE CHEETAH CHASING HIM.



COMMON TO ALL AFRICA AND INDIA: A CHEETAH WHICH IS ONE OF THE "ACTORS" IN THE CHERRY KEARTON NATURE-PICTURE, "TEMBI."



EVIDENTLY OUT OF HUMOUR: A BLACK-MANED LION "SHOT" BY THE CAMERA IN ITS NATIVE WILDS IN CENTRAL AFRICA, AND OBVIOUSLY AN UNWILLING "SITTER."



SUPERB "VERMIN BOUND TO DISAPPEAR BY-AND-BY AS CIVILISATION ADVANCES": A BLACK-MANED LION PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "TEMBI," THE LATEST KEARTON NATURE-PICTURE.

THE KING OF THE "SITTERS": A FINE BLACK-MANED LION.



THE STEALTHY AND SNARLING ADVANCE: A BLACK-MANED LION—ONE OF A NUMBER TAKEN BY MR. CHERRY KEARTON AT TWENTY YARDS.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL CATS SLAKING HIS THIRST: A LION DRINKING—A "CLOSE-UP."

The discussion as to the advantages, to say nothing of the humanity, of "shooting" big game by camera, rather than by rifle, continues, especially with regard to the killing of animals by so-called sportsmen using motor-cars. One of the latest letters on the subject, sent to the "Times," is from Sir Alfred Sharpe, and in this it was written: "Personally, I am not unduly fond of lions, and look on them as vermin bound to disappear by-and-by as civilisation advances. Moreover, they themselves are great game slaughterers. But 'the wanton and illegal destruction' of African game or lions should be stopped. Shooting game—or lions for that matter—from a motor-car is a business which absolutely revolts anyone who has known Africa before motor-cars arrived there (or were ever built)." Such controversy will most certainly lend additional interest to the pictures here given, as did to those in our last issue. These particular photographs are from the film "Tembi," a jungle-story filmed by Mr. Cherry Kearton, which had its premiere at the Marble Arch Pavilion on Sunday, July 14. "Tembi," by the way, is the native name for the "sacred" crocodile. The pictures were taken in Central Africa and called for the traversing of some twelve thousand miles. They form, as shown on the screen,

the life-story of a native chieftain, his wife, and his baby girl; and the film has been described as "a 'Zoo' in actuality; beasts and birds of the jungle living and moving before our eyes; a 'Regent's Park' covering hundreds of square miles; a panorama of jungle, mountain, and plain, where wild beasts roam in perfect freedom and birds live an unfettered life." Further, "There is no reconstruction in the picture. Cherry Kearton and his fellow-photographer 'took things' as they found them."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

HERE are five wine-glasses (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). There must be dozens of readers of this page who can duplicate one or more of these different types from among their own possessions, but, unless they are themselves specialist glass-collectors, they may not be able to "place" them in their proper sequence. In this, as in other things, one cannot divide up the years with a foot-rule, as it were, and give a quarter of a century or so to each type, but one can say that these five specimens represent fairly accurately the evolution of the ordinary wine-glass between 1700 and 1800.

During this century English glass enjoyed a very well-earned reputation. It was not that our glass-blowers were anything more than sound craftsmen. They certainly produced nothing comparable to the complicated and elaborate vessels which were made during this period and in previous centuries in centres of the glass-making industry such as Venice and various cities of Bohemia.

On the whole, they were content to produce severely practical things with very little claim to conscious art; it is just that which, to many a cultivated eye, seems their chief glory. In addition they did produce a metal which had quite outstanding beauty of tone, and which was far more durable than corresponding foreign importations. No. 1 is the earliest type of eighteenth-century glass—a good, hefty, solid piece with a baluster stem. The next stage is towards simplification in the plain stem example, shown as No. 2—not so pleasing, perhaps, but still very solid, with a high-domed foot and a "tear" just below the bowl.

Now it was in 1745 that an Excise Act put a duty upon the raw materials used in the process; up till this time manufacturers had given as much weight as possible, for glass was sold not by the piece, but by the pound. The immediate result of this tax was a change in design. It became necessary to cut down the weight, and to induce buyers to pay the same price for the lighter article. In No. 3 can be seen one solution of the problem. The stem is much slighter and the proportions are more elegant—so much so that it is hard to understand why writers on the subject bewail the passing of the more generous, but distinctly clumsy, baluster type. But, apart from these more elegant proportions, there is the great change of thin "air-twists" in the stem. Instead of a single "tear" beneath the bowl (a "tear" is, of course, an air-bubble

the maker has arranged several, and twisted them round and round in drawing out the stem until the whole column is completely filled with delicate spirals.

All this, both bowl and stem, is done in one operation. Now we come to a further complication. Glass No. 4 is a type which became fashionable about 1760. This is a twisted spiral—or, rather, a series of spirals—of opaque white glass, not drawn out with the bowl, as in previous types, but made separately, and welded later to the bowl and foot. This process was popular for twenty years or so, and enabled manufacturers to introduce colour into the spirals by blue or red threads of glass alternating

The five glasses chosen to illustrate the change of fashion during the period happen to have no engraving upon the bowl. It is, however, quite common to find this added decoration upon all types of drinking glasses, the designs being either of grapes, hops, or barley. Another form of ornament, not so frequently used, consisted of painting in opaque white enamel. Illustration 6 gives a good idea of the delicacy of this type of ornament when used sparingly, the design on the decanter being particularly happy. This rare set was made at Newcastle about 1765. The other main centres of the trade were at London, Stourbridge, and Bristol. The last town, which was



REPRESENTING, FAIRLY ACCURATELY, THE EVOLUTION OF THE ORDINARY WINE-GLASS BETWEEN 1700 AND 1800: (1) A HEFTY SPECIMEN WITH A BALUSTER STEM, THE EARLIEST TYPE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS; (2) A LATER SPECIMEN WITH A PLAIN STEM AND A "TEAR" BELOW THE BOWL; (3) A MUCH LIGHTER GLASS, WITH AIR-TWISTS IN THE STEM, WHICH OWES ITS GREATER FRAGILITY TO DUTY UPON RAW MATERIALS; (4) A TYPE, WITH A TWISTED SPIRAL OF OPAQUE WHITE GLASS, WHICH BECAME FASHIONABLE ABOUT 1760; (5) A GRACEFUL EXAMPLE IN CUT GLASS.

By the Courtesy of Messrs. Delomagne and Son.

with white. The method—very briefly—was to fit little opaque glass cones round the inside of a pottery mould, fill the mould with molten glass, and then—omit details—draw the ends of the cones together with pincers, and twist; the result was a stem filled with delicate filigree. By varying the position of the

also, as has already been pointed out in these pages, the seat of a flourishing industry in so-called English Delft, produced those deservedly popular glasses and decanters in coloured glass which provide such jolly contrasts when arranged amid a collection of pure-white pieces. The colouring is dark-blue, a sort of amethyst-purple, and green; but, in addition, the Bristol factories produced an opaque white glass which is absurdly similar to porcelain if one does not look at it too closely. Examples are necessarily rare, though not unobtainable. One might even have the good fortune to find a piece decorated by that excellent fellow Michael Edkins, who had such a happy knack of painting jolly little Chinese landscapes on Delft, and who seems to have been equally competent as actor, scene-painter, and adorer of coach panels. Some of his work has already been illustrated in these pages.

Collectors as a whole seem to place more value upon engraved or painted glasses than upon simpler examples. This, to me, and I think to many people, is a little odd, for the material is so beautiful in itself, and in its molten state, with a little manipulation, falls so naturally and so easily into flowing, rhythmical forms, that

added decoration, unless it is applied with the unerring instinct of a genuine artist, is rather like gilding the lily—which, indeed, is just what did happen—and not only in glass factories—by the first quarter of the nineteenth century.



(6) A RARE SET GIVING A GOOD EXAMPLE OF PAINTED DECORATION IN OPAQUE WHITE ENAMEL: A DECANTER AND DRINKING-GLASSES MADE AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE IN ABOUT 1765.

opaque cones, and introducing coloured ones at intervals, an endless variety of pattern and colour was possible.

The final stage in the evolution of a hundred years is seen in the graceful little example in cut glass (No. 5), which is, to my mind, a model of simple good taste



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SOUTH AFRICA

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

Modern Art in Subdued Mood.

"Modern Art" is associated in the minds of many people with brilliant and barbaric colourings; and the violent contrasts and rich reds, purples, and blues employed by Bakst during his pre-war period, are still accepted by the uninitiated as expressions of contemporary taste. The pendulum, however, is duly swinging in the other direction, and everyone who has attended the performances of the Diaghileff Ballet at Covent Garden this season must have been struck by the beauty of the subdued colour schemes used for

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

monde en profite, moi, je deviens un idiot!" M. Sacha Guitry made an interesting speech on art and the theatre, and told his audience that the school of Degas, Cézanne, and their contemporaries are the artists who interest him most deeply. These painters are, of course, the "Old Masters" of the Impressionist School, and M. Guitry owns many examples of their works, and consequently asked the company at the Leicester Galleries to take an interest in the pictures displayed there, which are painted by the sons and grandsons of the First Impressionists.

In spite of this encouragement, however, the "picture" which aroused most general enthusiasm was the incomparable Mme. Sacha Guitry herself (Yvonne Printemps), who looked adorable in a large picture hat and tight black satin coat and skirt, adorned most unexpectedly with a huge green jewelled brooch at the back of one shoulder. The other pictures were exceedingly interesting and modern, while some were notably brilliant, the work of L. Gottlieb, René Thomsen, and J. de Beaumont being particularly admired.

Pictures that have to be "Learnt."

There was a long wait at the gallery before M.

and Mme. Sacha Guitry arrived, but those who were lucky enough to be near Mr. Walter Sickert were admirably entertained. He looked almost as if he were a member of the Men's Dress Reform League, with his soft silk shirt open at the neck, and his picturesque straw hat in his hand. His well-known sense of humour also seemed to help him to endure and even enjoy the heat, and he argued continuously, and with rather mischievous wit, on the subject of modern art, assuring one lady, who rather piteously asked whether she was supposed to "understand it," that if she were given a book in Hebrew she would not be expected to read it at first sight, whereas, provided she had any brains at all, she would do so after some study. "Modern pictures are like that," he said, "they need 'learning,' and then become perfectly simple." A few minutes later Mr. Sickert assured another puzzled visitor that the pictures were undoubtedly deliberately distorted in order to give a particular æsthetic emotion to the beholders. "The artists could

draw in perfect representational proportion if they chose. They like to see things in a distorted perspective. You may say it is like a naughty child," he added: "done 'on purpose,' and not a mistake."

Ancient and Modern in Harmony.

People often complain that modern pictures constitute an awkward possession, as they require specially designed settings and cannot be hung in "ordinary rooms." Mr. Eddy Marsh's

collection is an answer to this stricture. He is obviously a believer in the theory that good art is timeless, for his flat contains a magnificent collection of modern pictures interspersed with examples of the work of the eighteenth-century masters. It was thrown open to the public last week in aid of the Y.W.C.A., and certainly offered all amateurs of modern art a unique opportunity, for Mr. Marsh's collection has never before been seen in its entirety except by his personal friends; and it is a notable one, containing some three hundred pictures.

Every available corner of space in the flat in Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn, is crowded with pictures—even the backs of the doors and the bed-rooms are adorned with them, and though a Gainsborough drawing may be hung in close proximity to a John, and a landscape by Richard Wilson look across at an Elliott Seabrooke composition, yet there seems no discord between the centuries.

Women artists are not very well represented in the collection, but, of course, Miss Nina Hammett has a place, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Marsh has examples of the work of the only royal lady artist in England, for his collection includes two landscapes by Lady Patricia Ramsay. One is an "under-the-sea" picture, which she painted in the East, where the jade-green water allows one to peer into its depths as if it were a mirror.

Mr. Neville Lewis's portrait of Mr. Marsh himself shows him seated in a chintz-covered chair, while in the background some of his favourite pictures, including a delightful Guevara, may be distinguished.

A ROYAL LADY IN PATTERNED CHIFFON: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duchess of York recently appeared in the charming dress pictured above. It is carried out in printed chiffon, and has a three-tiered skirt, of finely pleated frills. A coat in chiffon to match, and an open-work straw hat completed the toilette.



BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES OF HYDRANGEA-BLUE SPOTTED NET, WORN WITH VELVET CAPS: ATTENDANTS AT THE MARRIAGE OF MISS DOROTHY COLLINS AND MR. PHILIP LEGGE (MISS EILEEN BENNETT IN CENTRE).

The bridesmaids who attended Miss Dorothy Collins when she married Mr. Philip Legge wore hydrangea-blue spotted net frocks, made with long, full skirts and tight bodices, and had little blue ring-velvet caps. Miss Eileen Bennett, the lawn-tennis player, is in the centre of our group.



THE CHARM OF SHORT-SLEEVED FROCKS FOR YOUTHFUL WEARERS: MISS MAUREEN GUINNESS (L.) AND MISS TERESA JUNGMAN IN CHIC AND SIMPLE ATTIRE.

Miss Maureen Guinness and Miss Teresa Jungman are pictured above in frocks of simple summer chic. Miss Guinness chose to have hers made with short sleeves, scalloped to match the hem of the skirt, and decided on a collar of a contrasting shade; while Miss Teresa Jungman's dress is of the sleeveless persuasion, with a belt of its own material.

PRINTED CHIFFON CUT WITH A GORED SKIRT, AND PROVIDED WITH A BELT AT THE NATURAL WAIST-LINE: MRS. GLOSSOP AT LORD'S.

The chiffon frock which Mrs. Glossop wore at Lord's was made with a full, gored skirt; a belt marked the natural waist-line, and the décolletage was "one-sided."

décor and costumes by the most modern artists. Such men as Bracque, de Chirico, Gabo, and Pevsner have set themselves the task of showing what notable effects may be achieved with buffs, blues, and greys, while Bakst himself, the high-priest of Oriental splendour in colouring, has tamed his exuberant love of brilliant effects and proved how successfully he can use black in the setting and costumes for "The Gods Go a-Begging."

"The Ball," the curious and interesting new ballet of the masked lady who reveals an aged face to her admirer, to music by Rieti, was very well received the other evening, and the greys and soft pinks used in the costumes were hailed with delight by the highly sophisticated audience who attended on the first night.

The Russian Ballet has always had a great effect on the taste of the fashionable world, both in costume and house decoration, so it is not surprising to observe that the most up-to-date rooms are now those with soft, silvery, "pickled" wood panelling, which trust to the introduction of colour by means of upholstery, pictures, flowers, or costumes worn by human beings. Marie Laurencin, the Parisian whose pictures enjoy such a big vogue, is one of the artists who support the "muted" note in colour, symphonies, for her paintings are remarkable for the use of what used to be known as "pastel" shades.

The "Old Masters" of Impressionism.

Londoners had the opportunity of learning a good deal about the tendencies of modern art last week, for Mr. Walter Sickert, the well-known painter, made a short introductory speech at the Leicester Galleries before M. Sacha Guitry, the French actor and playwright, formally opened the exhibition of contemporary French art. Mr. Sickert speaks French admirably, and said that his friends say of him, "C'est un cerveau qui se donne tout le temps à la peinture." Consequently, remarked the possessor of this brain: "Pendant que tout le

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Just establish the habit of saying "Haig and Soda" (instead of whisky and soda) and you will get a healthy stimulant equal to *the finest that ever came out of Scotland.*



HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN.

The Bracing East Coast.

During the last few years, it has become such a habit to go abroad for the summer that the claims of the British holiday resorts are apt to be overlooked. Yet this small island boasts many delightful holiday spots offering amusements to satisfy every taste. The East Coast is ideal for those who like keen, bracing air and beautiful sunshine, and after a few days one feels the keen vitality which only a really good holiday can give. Felixstowe and Clacton are the two most important holiday centres of this coast. Felixstowe is a picturesque town surrounded with gardens and cliffs, good bathing and boating, and excellent hotels. The tennis courts are some of the finest in England, and the East of England championships are played there each year. Just south of the town, the rivers Orwell and Stour meet the sea, and provide a fine



SUNSHINE AND SANDS: THE HOLIDAY SEASON AT CLACTON, WHICH HAS EXCELLENT BATHING AND AMUSEMENTS.

due south, and boasts a fine firm stretch of sand extending for fully two miles, affording safe bathing, its joys enhanced by the provision of large rafts, diving-boards, and other delights. Competent swimmers are stationed at each bathing centre ready to carry out prompt rescue work at the slightest sign of danger. Thus for children it is an ideal place, for they can be left with perfect safety on the sands all day long, and can enjoy to the full every delight that a holiday by the sea can afford. Music is provided by military bands which play twice daily, and there are entertainments on the pier, in the Palace and West Cliff Gardens Theatres, and in the three large cinemas with which the town is provided. The London and North-Eastern Railway, which serves both Clacton and Felixstowe, runs special holiday services which make the journey as short and comfortable as modern improvements can achieve. Full particulars are obtainable in a booklet available at all the L.N.E.R. offices.



FOR BRACING HOLIDAYS ON THE EAST COAST: THE BEACH AT FELIXSTOWE.

stretch of water for yachting. As for golf, enthusiasts will rejoice in the two eighteen-hole courses adjoining the town, and in the first-class putting-greens on the sea-front, in the Ranelagh Gardens, and in the grounds of the Felix Hotel.

Two Miles of Sands. Clacton is one of the most bracing towns in England. The fact is vouched for by the number of schools in the neighbouring vicinity which are run specially for children whose health needs care and attention. The town itself is well planned, with wide tree-lined thoroughfares, pleasant gardens, and excellent shops and hotels. The town faces



THE MODEL YACHTING LAKE: ONE OF THE MANY DIVERSIONS FOR CHILDREN AT FELIXSTOWE.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE JOYS OF A FAST CAR

The 17-h.p.
Lancia.

It has happened to me to be able to drive three cars rather specially fast several times during the past week—with, I should like to add, complete absence of danger or discomfort to other people. There were no other people at the time or in that place. I had the world to myself, so far as car driving was concerned. I was able to do all kinds of interesting things, such as maintaining an engine speed of 4000 revolutions a minute on one car and a road-speed of sixty-five miles an hour on the other, nearly so long as it pleased me. I had, in short, a speed-revel. In itself a circumstance of no importance, it proved to me again that there are very few things this world of games has to offer us better than the ability to go very fast indeed in a first-class motor-car.

Three Supreme
Joys.

This agreeable ability to go fast in motor-cars differs, however, from other equal delights in being not particularly cheap. You can, if the gods are very kind, kill a 30-lb. salmon for nothing, using a borrowed rod and tackle, and fishing a friend's water. You can be mounted and be lost in the madness of the season's run with the best hounds in the world, and pay no more than your decent dues for the joy of it. You can, I understand, though I know nothing of it, ski and believe that it is the only thing in life worth doing, and pay a fixed price for it. You have had three of the greatest pleasures life has to offer for a mere fee. You do not get off so lightly when it comes to driving a first-class motor-car very fast.

The Price of
the Big Thrill.

For this intense joy is not really yours unless the car is also yours. An exceptionally kind friend may offer you his eighty-mile-an-hour car to drive as your own, whenever the mood takes you. There are a few generous souls who do this, but, supreme as your enjoyment may be of every moment while you are at the wheel, it is not the same thing. The rod and the horse were only incidents in a wonderful day; you can always get a train to Switzerland and a lodging for the night when there—but to know the intimate,

exquisite pleasure of great road-speed, freely given in overflowing measure by a well-bred engine, you must own the car. It sounds ungracious, but it is true. A wonderful day on the road must come from yourself alone and nobody else. It is to your knowledge of your own car and your skill in getting the best out of it that you owe the big thrill. It is entirely a personal matter.

"Vehicles of
Pleasure."

It is pleasant to think that hard-headed, commonsensible manufacturers realise that there are still many thousands of us motorists left who regard our cars as vehicles of pleasure rather more than as vehicles of use. I use the ugliest, dearest word I know—vehicle—lest I be accused of folly. It is a good sign for the future of the industry. For I am very sure that the day the average car-owner ceases to care whether his car goes as fast as or faster than his neighbour's, loses his personal friendly interest in it, will be that marking the advent of the universal car and the death of the motor-car business as we know it.

The New
Lancia.

One of my fast cars was the Lambda-Lancia, once known as the 14-h.p., now rated at 17-h.p. It is familiar enough to-day on English roads, and its original design is still one of the most interesting to be found on the market. Its special suspension is claimed to give the best road-holding, the best steering, and the best springing. I am not prepared either to contest or support this argument as a whole, because I know of more than one car which sits on the road just as safely as the Lambda and steers quite as easily; another which insulates you from road-shocks equally well; and a great many which cannot approach it in either of these things. I do not know of any car which does all three better, and I have yet to meet a car of equal wheel-base which has a lock to compare with it. The four-cylinder engine is of 2½-litre capacity, with a bore and stroke of 82 by 120, and overhead valves. The cylinders are slightly inclined, V-ways, and the engine and gear-box are, as before, all housed under the bonnet. The gear-change is centrally controlled, the lever being comfortably disposed under one's hand. It is one of the very few central changes for which I have any use. Everything about the engine is decently accessible, and, as is usually the case with Italians, of good finish.

A Gear-Box
for Use.

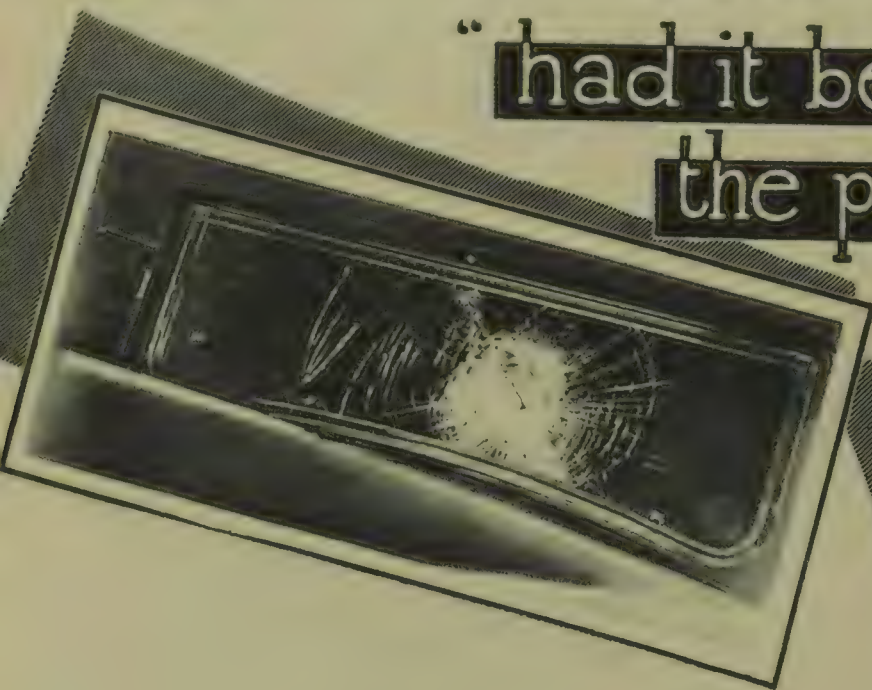
A particularly accessible type of magneto is used, with the make-and-break as easily reached for adjustment as that of any high-tension distributor. The carburetter is still placed at the after end of the cylinder-block, but a new and excellent departure is the fitting of the large oil-filter where it can be quickly dismantled for cleaning. An air-purifier is now included in the equipment, and I was told that it traps a surprising amount of tar-dust and other undesirable matter. This is a car with a gear-box intended for use. The long chassis which I tried (it has a wheel-base of 11 ft. 3 in.) has a top-speed ratio of 4.45 to 1, a third of 6.42 to 1, a second of 8.45 to 1, and a first of 14.2 to 1—all distinctly on the high side, which I like. Somewhere about seventy-five miles an hour is to be reached at full throttle, and, I believe, not far off sixty on third. The latter is, I should imagine, rather an extreme, entailing high engine-speed. I made no attempt to prove the claim, contenting myself with about forty-five. The most comfortable and quietest cruising speed is about the same. The engine makes a certain amount of noise, chiefly valve-tap, but it is only noticeable after forty has been passed. I would suggest that a different form of exhaust-tail be adopted, as at high speeds there is a good deal of drumming, more noticeable by the passengers behind than in front.

A Lively
Car.

The engine is full of life and has remarkable powers of acceleration. Like all its compatriots, it is a fine hill-climber. We were well and truly baulked at the top of Pebblecombe Hill by a couple of charabancs which had failed to get up and had disgorged swarms of school-children in the attempt, but the speed, on third, was over thirty miles an hour at the check. I thought that very good for a 6½ to 1 gear. The Weymann saloon is very roomy and well lit. I am not much attracted by the basket-chair form of front seats (although the upholstery is pneumatic), but the ordinary type can be had without extra charge. Although the car has low lines, the head-room is more than adequate—and that is a point upon which my attitude borders, I am told, upon fanaticism. Of all the horrors imposed upon us by fashion in modern cars the low-roofed saloon is the most abominable. A really fast car of an interesting character, very comfortable to drive, very easy to control. It costs £895, for either the long or the short chassis.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

"had it been of ordinary glass
the passenger would have
been killed"



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DOBSON'S GARAGE
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Automobile and Electrical Engineer.
WHINMOOR, Near SEACROFT, YORKS.
29 May 1929.

Messieurs,
The "Triplex" Safety Glass Co., Ltd.,
London, W. 1.

Gentlemen,
I send you two photos, one showing a wrecked car, and the other the damaged wind-screen.

The car collided violently with a tree, and a passenger was hurled, "head-on", against the screen. Had this been of ordinary glass, the passenger would certainly have been killed, whereas, beyond a temporary stunning, the passenger was unhurt.

That screen was of "TRIPLEX" glass, which, though badly cracked, did not break up.

Obviously, "Triplex" ensures "safety first" - and last.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours sincerely,

Wm. Dobson.



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FIFTH TIME AND THE

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KISMET - JUNIOR 40/-
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The New Lanchester Straight Eight



Mr. John Prioleau, the well-known Motor Journalist, says of this latest Lanchester:

" . . . It is a beautiful job . . . The real luxury of this fine British Car lies in its remarkable smoothness of running. Any good straight eight should give you flexibility, acceleration, and vibrationless working at all reasonable speeds, but I have yet to drive one which does better in this respect than the new Lanchester."

The new Lanchester 30 H.P. Straight Eight is an addition to the well-known 40 H.P. and 21 H.P. Lanchester 6-cylinder Models. It is illustrated as a high-speed Touring Saloon with Lanchester-built Fabric body. All types of Bodywork are available. Photographs, Specifications, and particulars concerning delivery dates, sent on request. Trial runs by appointment.

Dunlop tyres standard.

Lanchester Cars

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Birmingham.

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The Best of the Straight Eights

MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLI.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

THE HYDROFOIL TYPE OF SKIMMING-BOAT.

(Continued.)

THE correct section, dimension, angle of incidence, and position of each set of hydrofoils, taken in conjunction with the vessel's weight and its distribution, decide whether she will be a success or will dive to the bottom in a seaway when at high speed. A complete volume would be required to deal with this subject properly, so I can do no more than indicate here a few general principles. Designs other than those that have been published I shall not touch upon, for fear of the premature disclosure of secrets that have come into my possession.

To obtain the best results, each pair of hydrofoils should be of different section, as I have stated, and the section employed, and the position of the foil, decides to a great extent its angle of incidence. These points contribute largely to speed production. Speed alone, however, is of little use without stability, and to attain this it is necessary to fit each set of hydrofoils at the correct dihedral angle. The determination of this angle is very important, for it may have a large effect on the "lift," and consequently the speed also.

The whole problem is very fascinating, but is one suited to the scientist rather than the naval architect. Aircraft designers have experimented with the principle on many occasions, with a view to its adoption on amphibious machines, but so far without much success. In this country one of the first attempts of this nature was made nearly eighteen years ago, and the last was subsequent to the Armistice. They both failed chiefly because the foils proved of no help when "getting off" the water; but this, of course, is no drawback to the boat pure and simple, rather an advantage, in fact.

It is an easy matter for those with little knowledge of the subject to design a hydrofoil boat, but I doubt

whether her performance will be good unless many expensive experiments are carried out. To design one of these boats properly, each point must be taken separately. There is the matter of the correct section of the foils, about which little is known outside a small circle. On the upper foils, for example, devolves the work of initially lifting the boat at the lowest speed possible, and also the prevention of a dive in a seaway; they must be of the "high lift" variety, therefore with large areas. Their angle of incidence will be, of course, comparatively great, but if too large it will set up a resistance which, when the

aft weight is of great importance, but, for reasons I cannot enter into here on account of space, these boats do not suffer so badly from misplaced weight as do ordinary skimmers.

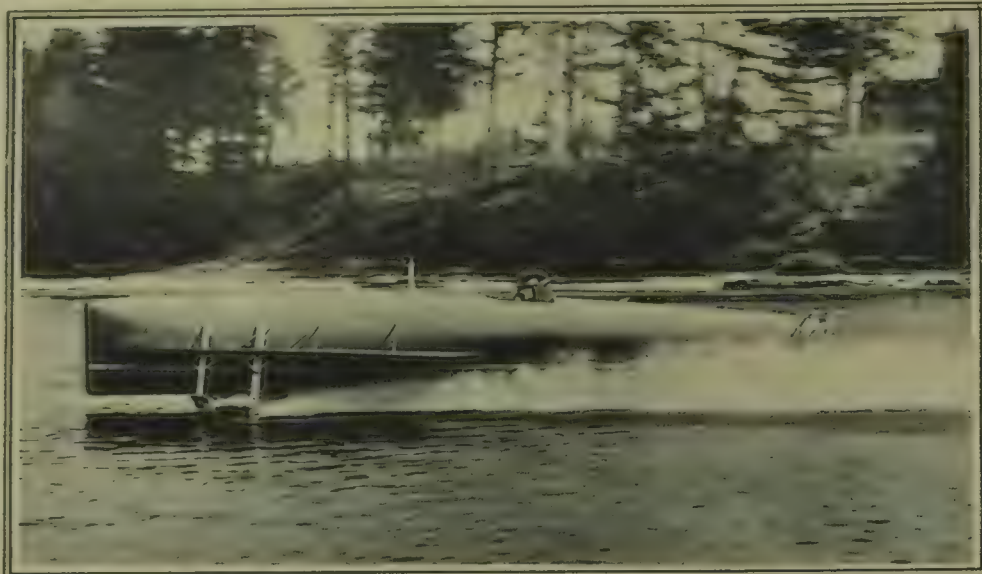
The distance apart of the two forward hydrofoil sets, taken in conjunction with their dihedral angles, is another and important point from the stability aspect. The boat that I show on this page is the same as that published last week. I have not tried her personally, so am not truly qualified to judge her, and it is hardly fair to do so, as she is an experimental vessel; to my mind, nevertheless, she appears to offer more water resistance than is needful. I am not in favour, for example, after many experiments, of the "preventer hydrofoil sets" being fitted as they are; neither do I like the long and exposed propeller shaft. She is a success nevertheless, and if her pounds per h.p. were to be reduced to the same level as that of a modern international racing boat, she should, without any alteration, be 20 per cent. faster, theoretically, than any of them.

I have stated that these boats are best designed by scientists; I definitely cannot recommend an ordinary boat-builder to tackle the problem, without outside aid and a deep pocket. It is outside his sphere until more is known on the subject. He would be too prone, for instance, to attach the foils to our ordinary type of hull, and then expect it to hold water when subjected to the totally different strains from those it

(To be continued.)

was built to withstand.

I have received a letter from Messrs. Foamite Firefoam, Ltd., which points out that the sketch I published on June 15 of their fire-fighting system was of their Alfite type, whereas I wrote as if it were their Foamite system. They point out that, though a foam system can be used for motor-boats, they recommend their Alfite system as more economical for this purpose.



A BOAT WHICH HAS ATTAINED 58 M.P.H. WITH AN ENGINE OF 220 H.P.; AND IS, THEREFORE, FOR HER POWER, THE FASTEST BOAT IN THE WORLD: AN EXPERIMENTAL HYDROFOIL TYPE.

Photograph by Morris, Rosenfeld, New York.

vessel pitches and submerges them, will check the way of the boat. Each successive pair of foils down to the bottom ones should be at a smaller angle than those above them; the amount in each case will depend on the speed and weight of the boat. Pitching of the vessel will, of course, vary the angle temporarily: this cannot be eliminated entirely, but its effect can be reduced if the correct area ratio is found between the main and after hydrofoil sets.

As with all boats, the proper distribution of fore and

SHELL

Lubricating OILS

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OUTBOARD Engines must run at maximum revolutions over prolonged periods without failure—SHELL LUBRICATING OILS are designed and built to meet these exacting conditions and to retain their "body" at all engine and bearing temperatures, but are not so thick as to prevent easy starting when cold.

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If you have not had a copy please write to P.O. BOX 148, SHELL-MEX LTD., Publicity Dept., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

This advertisement does not apply in America.



"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

MOTOR CRUISER TROPHY

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Which is being presented for the most meritorious long-distance cruise carried out between APRIL 1st and SEPTEMBER 1st, 1929, by an amateur, in a motor cruiser (inboard or outboard) NOT EXCEEDING 36 FEET IN LENGTH OVER ALL.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

Competitors must keep Log Books, in which are to be entered:

I.—The name, length, beam, and normal draught, unloaded, of the boat; also her weight without crew and her normal speed. The H.P. and maker's name and name of the engine; names of the crew, with the Club of the owner or hirer.

II.—The date and time of Departure and Arrival from or at each stopping-place.

III.—The fuel and oil consumed, and average speed on passage.

IV.—Any defects which may develop and the time taken to make them good, the crew only to be employed.

V.—The Compass Courses steered and the state of the weather every two hours.

VI.—All times of Departure and Arrival to be initialled in Log

Book by an Official of a recognised Club at the place of call, or in the event of there being no club, the Master of a Registered British Ship or Harbour Master or Customs Officer.

VII.—A Cruise may start from any place desired and on any date within those specified, but in no case must more than forty-eight hours be spent in any one stopping-place.

VIII.—Use of sails will disqualify a vessel.

IX.—On completion of a Cruise the Log Book must be sent within one week to the Secretary of the Marine Motoring Association, whose decisions shall be final.

X.—Entrants must be members of a recognised Yacht or Motor Boat Club.

A Suggestion for your Holiday.

You can Enter Now!

OH-PLAYED SIR!



A gallant sight, a good man on a good pony, nerves and wrists of steel, a straight eye, a cool head... flashing after a white bounding ball—thwack! what a game under a cloudless English sky with a shimmer of heat over the turf, a deckchair and the comfort of my new ^{Battersby} _{HAT} Ah...h...

Battersby

3oz. Featherweight Felt

The Elysian combines the luxury of lightness with style and can be worn with perfect comfort in hottest weather. Made of fine quality fur felt, unlined, fitted with specially soft roan leather. Catalogue free on request.

Write B.C.M./BATTERSBY, W.C.1.

Actual Makers:

BATTERSBY & CO., LTD., STOCKPORT.

for
**Cool comfort
on hottest days**



Men are wearing this new Summer Hat.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BALLET MUSIC.

MR. Serge Diaghileff's season of Russian Ballet, which is now drawing large and enthusiastic audiences to Covent Garden, has so far been notable for two new productions which are among the finest, both musically and pictorially, of his recent novelties. The musical interest of the Diaghileff ballet has always been particularly strong, and there is no novelty in this, since good music has always been written for ballets since the first great development of the art in Italy.

To confine oneself to the nineteenth century, we shall find that both in France and Italy, and to a less degree in Germany, most composers of eminence wrote a good deal for this form. Such a composer as Ponchielli, for example, whose opera "La Gioconda" was performed this season at Covent Garden, is best known by his ballet music, "The Dance of the Hours," which will probably live in the repertory of orchestras and serve for new ballets long after the opera in which it occurs has been forgotten. In France such composers as Delibes and even Massenet have written ballet music which serves to keep their names alive; whilst Tchaikovsky has written some of his most brilliant orchestral music in this form.

Nevertheless, the ballet had sadly degenerated in public estimation by the end of the nineteenth century, and most composers, following the example of Wagner, despised it and did not write ballet music. This was not surprising, as the art of the ballet had become thoroughly stereotyped and conventional, and no original music could possibly have been written for it while it continued in that degenerate condition. When, however, owing largely to Fokine in Russia, a new movement arose and there was a demand for fresh ideas as regards plot, choreography, and decoration, then, of course, new music was needed to harmonise with these ideas. It was then, fortunately, that Mr. Diaghileff appeared on the scene, and, being one of those rare amateurs of the arts who are luckily endowed with exceptionally fine taste in music as well as in pictorial art, he had the perception to commission Stravinsky to compose the music for a ballet.

We may date the commencement of the revival of ballet music with Stravinsky's "Firebird," which was the first of his contributions to the new ballet form. The music of the "Firebird" would have

horrified any *maitre de ballet* of the old school who was living in 1913. But the "Firebird" music was almost conventional and hackneyed compared with much that has been composed during the short period since it was written. Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," and still more his "Sacre du Printemps," marked a great step forward in novelty and freedom of expression, and with this freedom and originality in the music went, of course, a corresponding freedom and originality in the dancing, miming, and decoration of ballets. In fact, it is the essential unity of these three constituent elements of the ballet which justifies the claim of ballet to be considered as a definite art form. And nobody who is familiar with Mr. Diaghileff's productions can deny that this homogeneity of style is one of the conspicuous virtues of his ballet productions. It is what clearly distinguishes his ballets from all those produced by eminent dancers such as Pavlova, since nobody but Mr. Diaghileff has succeeded in achieving this unity of style.

French composers were quick to follow in the new movement inaugurated by Stravinsky. Poulenc, Auric, Sauguet, Milhaud, and others composed ballets for Mr. Diaghileff, and many of these works—such as "The Cat," for example—were ballets of striking merit and novelty. But so far no composer has rivalled, to say nothing of excelling, Stravinsky as a composer of ballets; and Stravinsky himself, far from resting upon his early successes and merely repeating them, has gone on developing in the most marked way. In fact, no greater proof of this development could be given than the denunciations of his latest works by many of the critics who now like his earlier works. It is a commonplace of contemporary musical criticism to say of Stravinsky that he is a clever musician who was once a genius.

In my opinion, exactly the opposite is the case. I find immense cleverness in the "Firebird" and "Petrouchka," a touch of something more than cleverness in "Le Sacre du Printemps," and real musical genius in the last of his ballets that have been produced in London by Mr. Diaghileff—namely, "Apollo Musagetes." It is arguable that, as a ballet, "Apollo Musagetes" is not as completely successful as "Petrouchka," but this is chiefly, I think, because the choreographer, Mr. Balanchin, has not quite succeeded in coping successfully with the theme. A good deal of his choreography to "Apollo Musagetes" seems to me to be vague and at random. It does not in any way match the extreme definiteness and

preciseness of Stravinsky's musical thought, although there are good isolated passages of choreography in it. But musically "Apollo Musagetes" is on a very high level. I have seen the ballet several times, and I have heard the music played separately at one of the B.B.C. symphony orchestra concerts, and I can only say that each time I have heard this music I have been more impressed with it.

In the first place, Stravinsky has here attained to a completely personal style purged of all reminiscences and imitations of the styles of other composers. I think nobody could with certainty say who was the composer of the "Firebird" upon internal evidence. Any pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, or even that master himself, might have written it. The same is true of "Petrouchka," in spite of all its brilliant virtuosity. It would certainly be more difficult to attribute "Le Sacre du Printemps" to any composer other than Stravinsky, although perhaps Casella might be able to parody it. But I defy anybody to point to any music that is in the style of "Apollo Musagetes." This is pure, unadulterated, purified, and concentrated Stravinsky. But its originality does not consist merely in its being different from other composers' music, in its being unattributable to any other musician living or dead; it consists in the fact that it is a completely genuine and personal expression which, like every genuine personal expression in art, reveals a mind that is not as other minds. Stravinsky is not being merely clever and tricky. Stravinsky is quite obviously struggling to express something which is essentially his own. I am struck by the beauty and gravity of this music, and also by its extraordinary honesty and sincerity. There is no sensationalism, no exploiting of "effects," no ear-tickling, no novelty for novelty's sake, no straining after vague and half-realised aims, but a clear, lucid, inevitable expression of, I repeat, great beauty. What is particularly striking is the form of the work, which leads to the final exceedingly impressive "apotheosis" without the slightest musical irrelevance or repetition.

Hitherto, the great defect of ballet music has been its inherent formlessness. It has generally consisted of a succession of movements indistinguishable from an instrumental suite. The next step forward was to give the music a "dramatic" form imposed upon it by the plot. This was frequently successful, but it nevertheless meant that, if the music was performed without the ballet, it betrayed

[Continued overleaf.]



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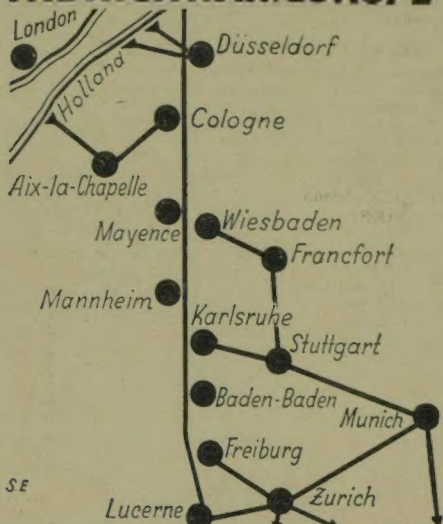
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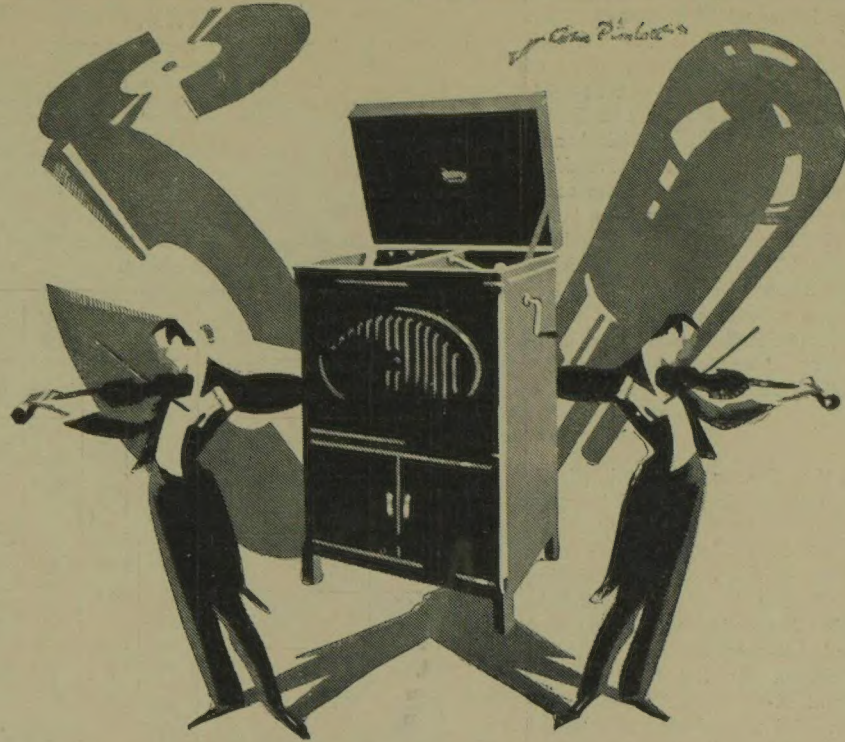
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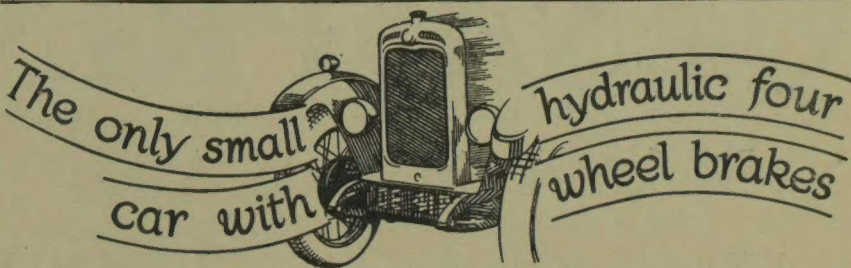
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Continued.
a certain incoherence or looseness of structure. But "Apollo Musagetes" has a perfectly logical and self-sufficient musical form. It is the first piece of ballet music known to me of which that can be said.

The music of the two new ballets, "The Ball" (with a strangely beautiful setting by Chirico) and "The Prodigal Son" (with a no less attractive *décor* by Rouault) is adequate without being on the same high level as Stravinsky's "Apollo Musagetes." Of the two I prefer Prokofiev's music to "The Prodigal Son" to Rieti's music to "The Ball"; but I have only heard each of these ballets a single time, and it is not enough to pronounce a definite judgment upon. Both "The Ball" and "The Prodigal Son" are, however, in my opinion, very successful and attractive examples of the new art of ballet.—W. J. TURNER.

The committee of the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, express their grateful appreciation of the encouraging response to Lord Moynihan's broadcast appeal. Hundreds of letters have been received from all parts of the country, enclosing donations of amounts varying from one shilling to £2000. Many thousands of pounds are still required for the urgently needed enlargement and improvement of the accommodation for the treatment of patients with radium and X-rays, and for the provision of private wards. All who desire to respond should send their donations to the secretary at the hospital: cheques to be made payable to "The Cancer Hospital (Free)," and crossed "Coutts and Co."

As an indication of the speed with which race-courses are being equipped with totalisators, it is interesting to learn that Messrs. Boulton and Paul, Ltd., of Norwich, have already erected four buildings for totalisators at both Newmarket and Hurst Park, and three each at Carlisle, Chepstow, and Bath. The same firm have also erected two buildings for totalisators at Gatwick and Folkestone, and one each at Newbury, Slough, and Lingfield.

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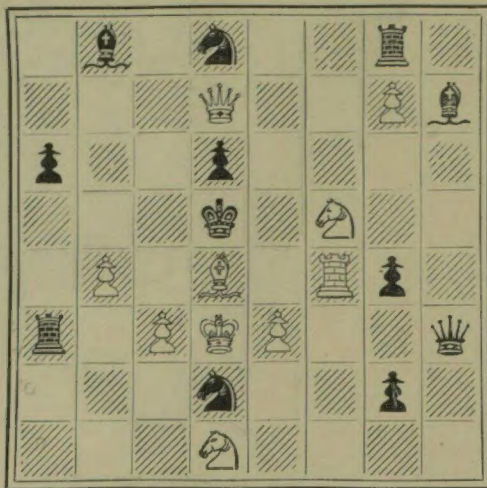
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H C SCHMEISSER (Vienna).—The Ahûes Mate is most interesting, but you must have taken it from some other column; we did not publish it in the I.L.N.

DAVID HAMLEN (Newton, Mass.).—In Game Problem No. XXV., you must not exchange Queens on the first move, as then the Black Knight can interpose after the second Rook's check. Otherwise you have caught the idea.

PROBLEM No. 4052.—By NORRIS EASTER (BANSTEAD).
BLACK (12 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 1b1s2r1; 3Q2Pb; p2p4; 3k1S2; 1P1B1Rr1; r1PKP2q; 3s2p1; 3S4.]

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4050 (BY L. WICKEN, CLAPTON).

[B2S4; 3S4; 4r5tb; 1PRp1bBs; 1K1k1qR1; 2p1r3; 1PQ1PP2; 8. In two moves. Keymove: QK4ch; Qb2—d4.]

The Queen is sacrificed to the K, Q, B, Kt, both Rooks and a pawn. If the K captures he is mated through a self pin, and each of the other capturing pieces creates a self-block allowing mate. A checking key is, of course, unusual in a problem, but is permissible in certain "task" problems, such as this, where the seven mates could not otherwise be shown. It makes the problem easy to solve, as most solvers look at the checks first to test the Black defences.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4048 from J S Almeida (Bombay); of No. 4049 from J S Almeida (Bombay); of No. 4050 from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), J M K Lupton (Richmond), A G Z (New York), E Pinkney (Driffield), and H Burgess (St. Leonards); and of No. 4051 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), M Barrett (Lambeth), Senex (Darwen), L W Cafferata (Newark), and H Richards (Hove).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXV. from J W Smedley (Brooklyn), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), H Richards (Hove), and M Heath (London).

MARSHALL IN HIS OLD FORM.

When playing for the Chess Club named after him, the American Champion no doubt feels called upon to produce something characteristic, and the following game has an ending quite in his old style. His opponent was a member of the U.S.A. Olympic team, and was playing third board for the Manhattan C.C.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (F. J. Marshall.)	BLACK (I. Kashdan.)	WHITE (F. J. Marshall.)	BLACK (I. Kashdan.)
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	25. P×P	Q×QP
2. Kt-KB3	PK3	This looks strong, but Marshall picks one out of the basket!	
3. PB4	BKt5ch	26. B×KKtP!	R×P
4. BQ2	QK2	If 26. — K×B; 27. QK7ch.	
4. — B×B, 5. Q or Kt×B;		27. BK5	KR2
6. Castles is the usual line.		28. R×B!	Q×R
5. KtB3	PQKt3	29. QK7ch	KKt3
6. PK3	BKt2	30. QK8ch	
7. BQ3	B×Kt	White might have proceeded at once on the line taken four moves later; but 30. QK7ch to win the R will not do, because of 30. — KR4; 31. PKt4ch, KR5; 32. P×R, QK8ch, and draws by perpetual check.	
8. B×B	KtK5	30. — KR2	
9. B×Kt	B×B	31. QO7ch	KKt3
10. Castles	Castles	32. QK6ch	KK2
11. KtQ2	BKt2	33. QK7ch	KKt3
12. PK4		34. QK8ch	KK2
White, having gained two tempi, gives one back to get control of the centre.		35. QR8ch	KKt3
12. — PQ3		36. QKt8ch	
13. QK2	KtQ2	Again not QKt7ch, after which there is no check on the diagonal.	
14. QKRt	PK4	36. — KR4	
15. PB4!		37. QK8ch	KKt5
15. — P×QP		38. QKt6ch	KR5
16. B×P	PKB4	39. BB6ch	R×B
17. QO3	QRKt	40. PKt3ch	KR6
18. QKKt3	KtB3	41. QR5 mate	
If 18. — P×P; 19. Kt×P (threatening KtB6ch), B×Kt; 20. R×B, QB2; 21. R×R, R×R; 22. PB5, etc.		This victory helped the Marshall C.C. to win the championship of the Metropolitan Chess League, which they last held in 1922. In the interim, the Manhattan Club have been four times champions. The final match was most exciting, and the gallant winners were deservedly feted.	
19. P×P	QB2		
20. OKt5	PKR3		
21. QK4	KtK5		
22. Kt×Kt	R×Kt		
23. R×R	B×R		
24. RKt	PQ4		
If 24. — B×BP; 25. RK7!			

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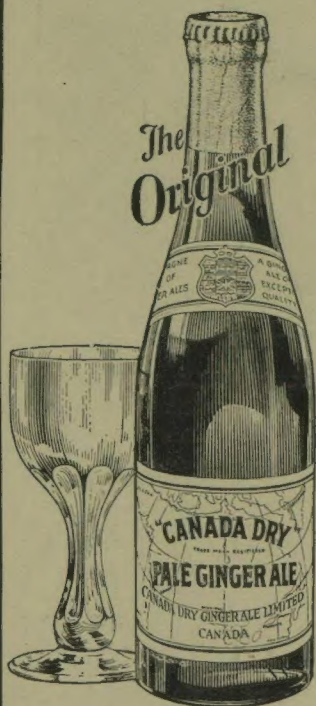
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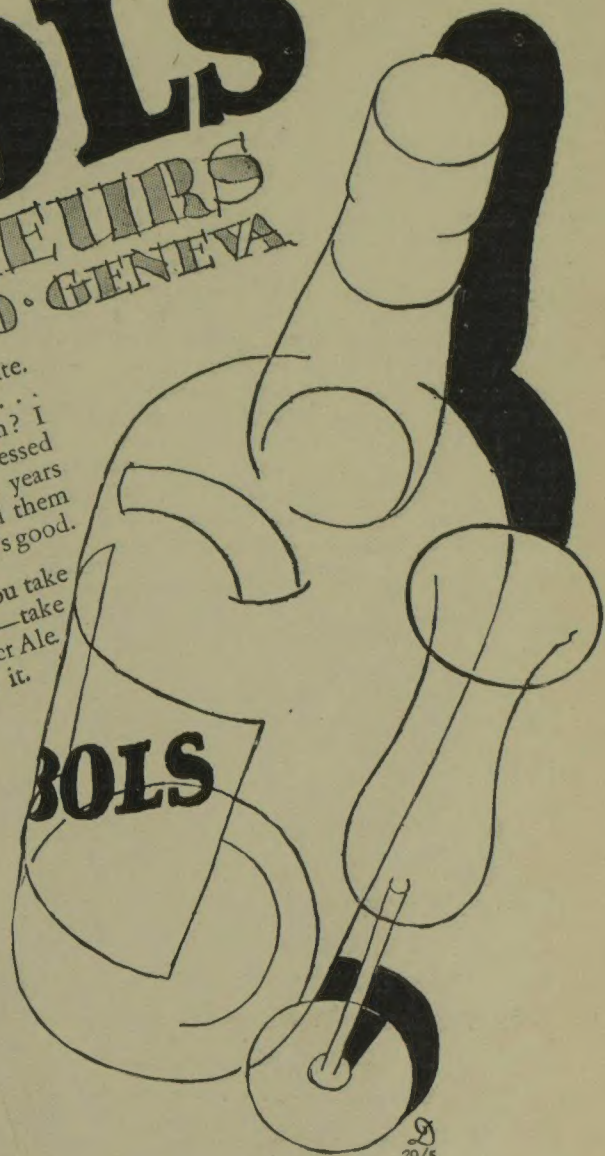
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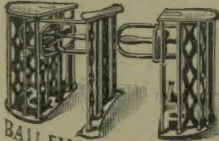
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(Continued from Page 114.)

string webbing, and foot-panels, and are supported by fore and hind legs of feline type. One of them, of not much account, was badly broken; the second specimen, of ebony and gilt, although of not very fine work, was in fair condition; but the third specimen, of carved ebony overlaid with stout sheet-gold, was in almost its original state, save for warping due to its having rested so long on an uneven surface. The proportions of this last bedstead are perhaps finer than any of the others found in this tomb. From its characteristics it was evidently of El Amarna make; and the subject of its ornament is purely floral—namely, garlands of petals and fruits, bouquets, clumps of papyrus and red-tipped sedge, signifying Northern and Southern Egypt, chased and embossed upon the burnished gold. It is interesting to note how the strengthening transverse stretchers under its framework are curved, in order to clear sagging of the webbing when the bedstead was slept upon.

"I shall now draw your attention (said Mr. Carter) to the most varied and familiar articles of domestic furniture; chairs, stools, footstools, and hassocks, which were appanages of seigneurial right at that period—in fact, the emblems of authority.

"There was something almost humorous yet

pathetic in the situation of a proud and once pure white chair from the royal nursery, high-backed, animal-footed, turned upside down among such plebeian society as oil and wine jars, and hampers of fruits, with which it was obliged to associate. Like its companion stool, with gilded ornament between its seat and stretchers, in similar circumstances, it wedged itself as close as possible between the bedsteads of the royal household. Jammed down below the door-sill of the chamber, and crushed by heavy stone vessels, was another stool, also painted white, but three-legged and with semi-circular seat. This specimen, somewhat ornate, has a carved wood seat depicting two lions bound head to tail, and enclosed with a spiral patterned rim. Like its companions just described, the space between the stretchers that brace the framework of the legs is filled in with the traditional throne ornament, incorporating the Two Kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt under the monarchy. In addition to its peculiar shape, it has a particular feature of its own which makes it perhaps unique. Most Egyptian chairs and stools have the conventional bovine or feline legs. The legs of this stool are of canine form. Although thus fallen into decline and discoloured, the chair and the two stools still bear traces of their former splendour and environment.



A NEW DEVONSHIRE J.P. MR. RONALD WHITWAY.

Mr. Ronald Whiteway has done much to develop the cider trade of Devonshire. He has just been appointed a magistrate for the county.

Photograph by Wykes.

"I should tell you (Mr. Carter added) that there were also many small and low rectangular footstools of cedar wood and ebony, some made of the two kinds of woods and embellished with ivory.

"But I must admit that I have a particular respect for a hassock such as we might find in our cathedrals today. It unfortunately bears marks of having seen better days, but sufficient of it remains to show that it doubtless figured in the ceremony of the palace. Though of ordinary rush-work, covered with plain linen, it is enriched with elaborate and brilliant polychrome beadwork depicting alien captives bound and prone around a central rosette. This device, usually associated in the East with footstools—'... make thine enemies thy footstool,' says the Psalmist—is encircled with floral garlands, and the sides are enclosed in a bead net-work.

"The footstools (Mr. Carter concluded) were obviously for the regal foot; maybe the hassock was intended for the royal knee."

The Royal Aero Club has engaged the Orient liner *Orford*, 20,000 tons, for the use of members of the club and kindred societies, and the new steamer *Orontes* has been appointed the second official ship of the club, for the Schneider Trophy contest. Both the *Orontes* and the *Orford* will be berthed off Ryde in the area reserved for official vessels. A certain amount of accommodation on board the *Orontes* will be available for the general public, and applications for this should be made, without delay, to the managers of the Orient Line, 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3.

Tom Webster is an institution, founded with the laudable object of "cheering us all up"—to use Lord Balfour's phrase applied, in gratitude, to the humourists of literature. Mr. Webster's humour, of course, is primarily pictorial, but those delicious "captions" of his, written in block capitals, entitle him also to be numbered among our literary wags. As a comic artist he is inimitable, with a style all his own, bubbling with fun, and apparently inexhaustible in ideas for the treatment of sporting and social topicalities. We therefore confidently recommend "Tom Webster's Annual" for 1929: cartoons from the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, and *Sunday Dispatch*, published by Associated Newspapers, Ltd., at the price of one shilling.

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Photograph shows the Government Telegraph Office, Dalhousie Street, Rangoon, Burma. Wood-work stained & preserved with Solignum. Clark & Greig, Ltd., Builders, Rangoon.



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